Sept. 2, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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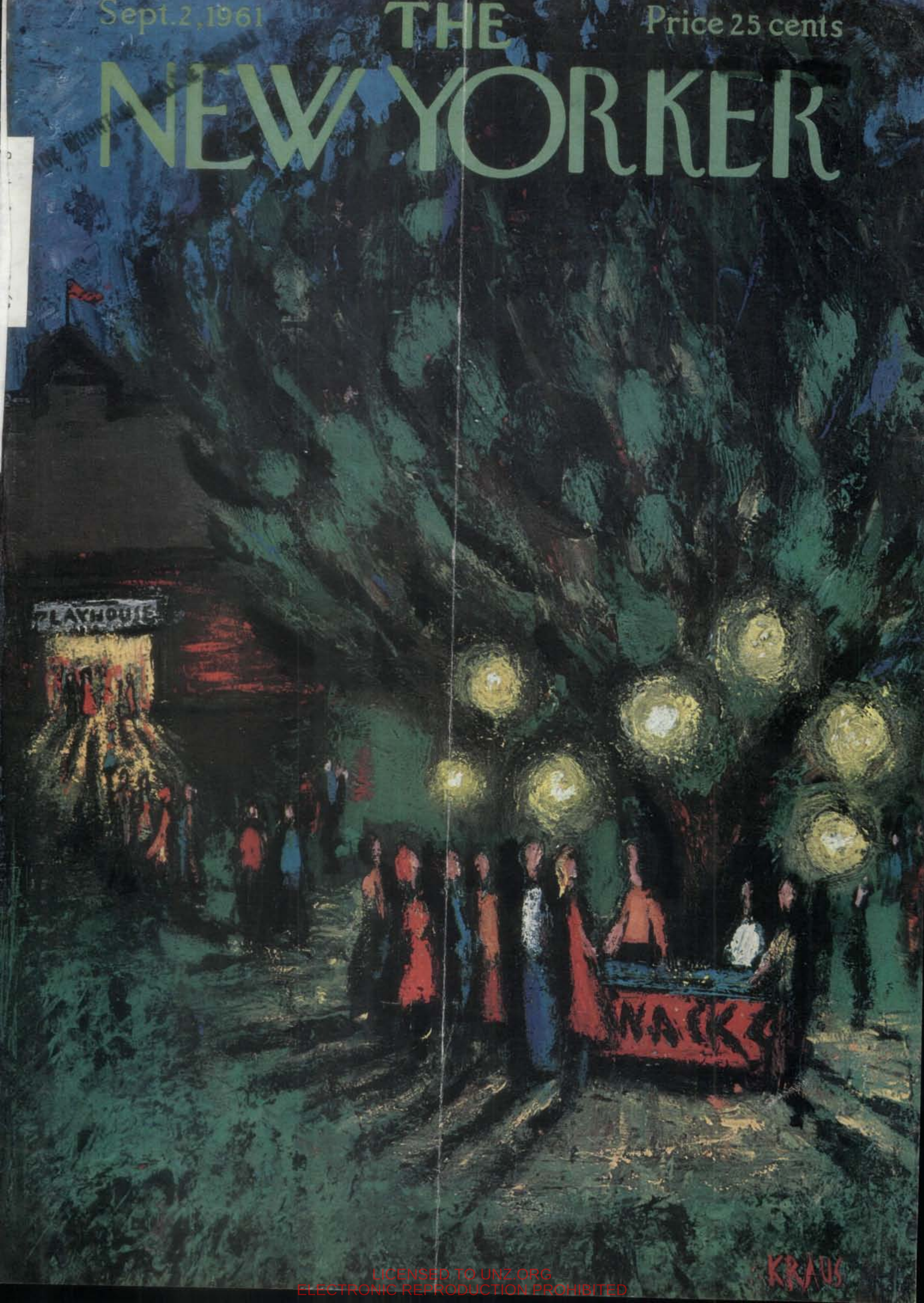
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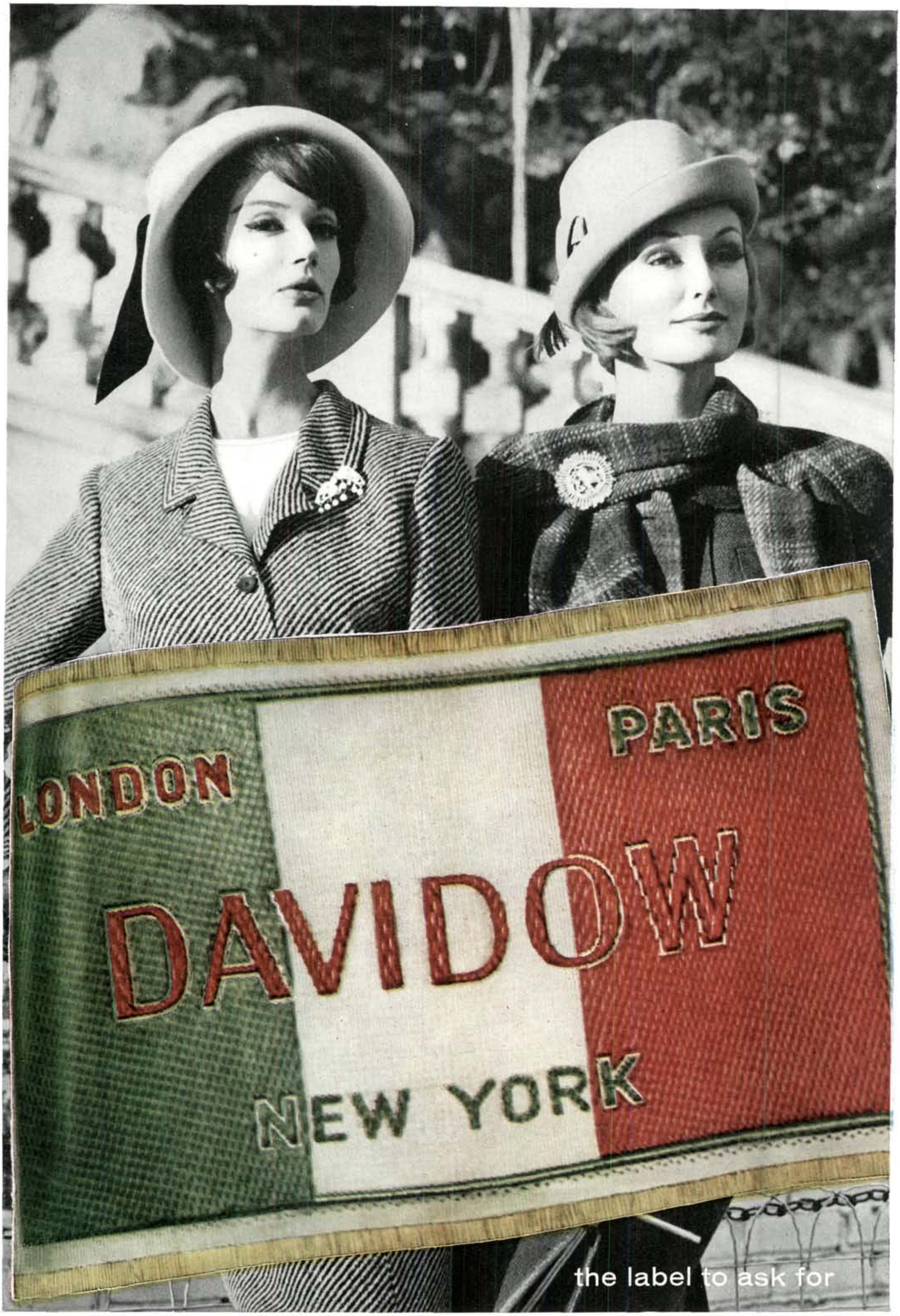
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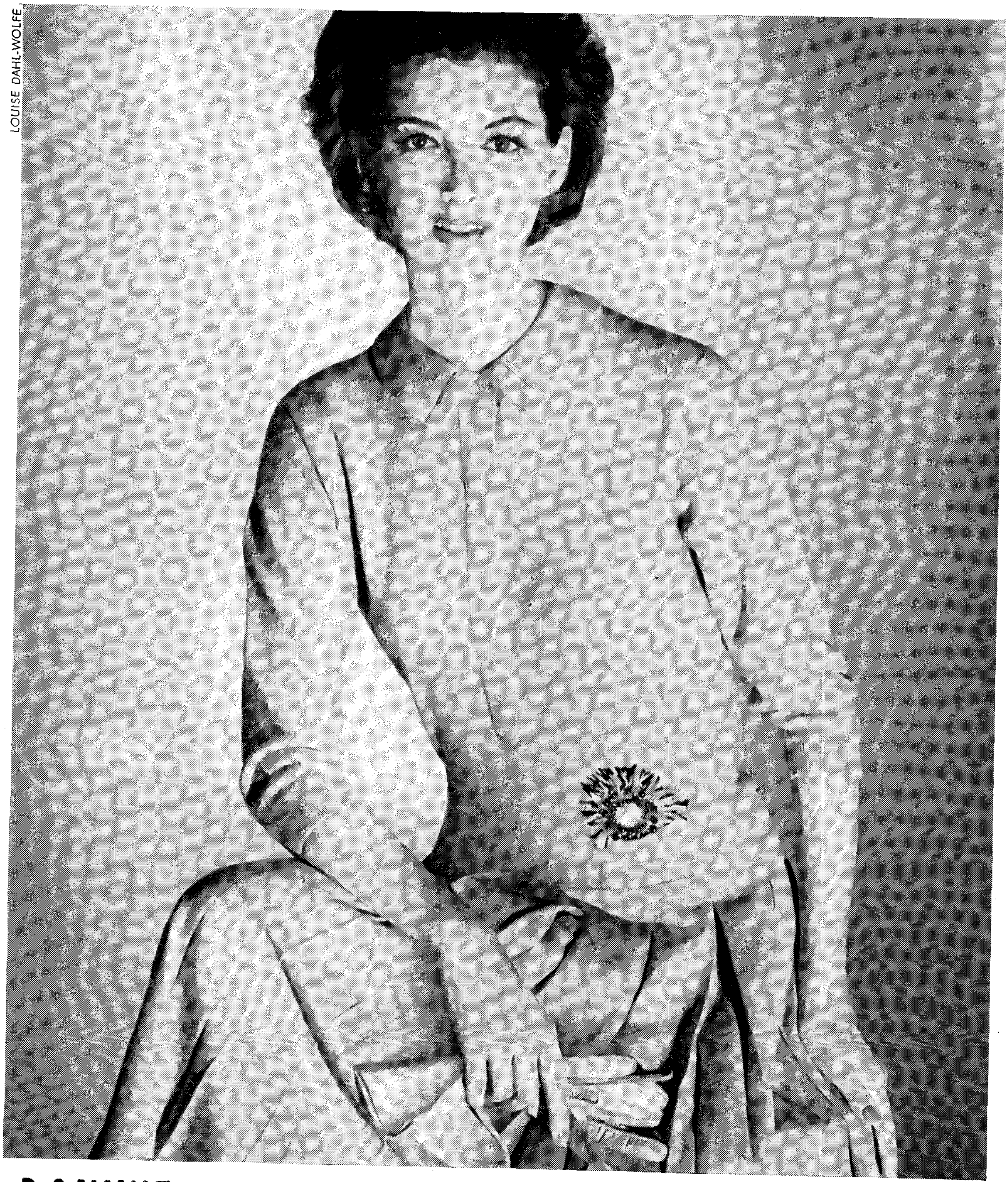

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

THE THEATRE

(Next week, most theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Labor Day, Sept. 4. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Come Blow Your Horn—Neil Simon's very minor comedy about the gay doings of a pair of youths in revolt against their father, who wants them to forget about girls and get busy in the artificial-fruit business. Hal March, Joel Grey, and Lou Jacobi are in the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day at 2:40.)

A Far Country—Freud doing his first work as an analyst. Since it is quite evident from the outset that he is going to solve the psychosomatic situation of a young lady who can barely walk because of a traumatic experience, the piece has no suspense, but the actors, particularly Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker, are interesting to watch. Ludwig Donath will succeed Mr. Wanamaker on Monday, Sept. 4. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—A lot of good jokes are sprinkled through this comedy by Jean Kerr, and the acting—by Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Wilding, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell—is top-drawer. The plot, though, which concerns the vicissitudes of an estranged couple making their way back to the old nest, isn't long on originality. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Reopens Monday, Sept. 11, with Zero Mostel and Ralph Meeker. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**all the way home:** An adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Tad Mosel wrote it, and Lenka Peterson, Arthur Hill, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley are in it. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Labor Day and Tuesday, Sept. 5, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day at 2:40.) . . . **a taste of honey:** A drama by Shelagh Delaney. The cast of five contains a prostitute, her protector, her daughter, her daughter's colored seducer, and the girl's sympathetic homosexual pal. With Frances Cuka and Hermione Baddeley. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Labor Day and Tuesday, Sept. 5, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Carnival—Anna Maria Alberghetti plays a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets she encounters while wandering in southern Europe. She and her associates—James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard—are first-rate, and the whole thing has all the unsophisticated charm of the tent shows you saw in your youth. The music and lyrics are by Bob Merrill, the book is by Michael Stewart, and the light-footed direction is by Gower Champion. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Do Re Mi—Nancy Walker and Phil Silvers in a somewhat stilted effort to find in the sluggish jukebox business a duplicate of the sort of thing that made "Guys and Dolls" a success. The music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are hardly distinguished, and the book, by Garson Kanin, is rather aimless. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bye bye birdie:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn in a musical having to do with some people in the orbit of rock 'n' roll. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **camelot:** An account of King Arthur and his court, in which Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **fiorello!:** A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of LaGuardia. Howard Da Silva and Tom Bosley keep the Little Flower blooming. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **irma la douce:** This importation—from France via England—describes the capers of a Parisian tart and her innumerable clients. Elizabeth Seal is the girl about whom the males in the cast keep buzzing. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2.) . . . **the sound of music:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the vicissitudes of the Austrian Trapp family. With Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the unsinkable molly brown:** An account of the ups and downs, domestic and foreign, of a backwoods Colorado girl, played by Tammy Grimes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 6, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The first of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is a masterly horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a pair of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. The second play, however, is an out-of-whack contest between some Southern racists and the celebrated blues singer, who is never seen—and never felt, either. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as reflected in the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt again, with a sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be, but the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is superb. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

41st Street Theatre Summer Comedy Festival—"The Tender Trap," with Jean Shepherd. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Thursday through Saturday at 8:40, and Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2:40 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 3.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, as Hedda, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40;

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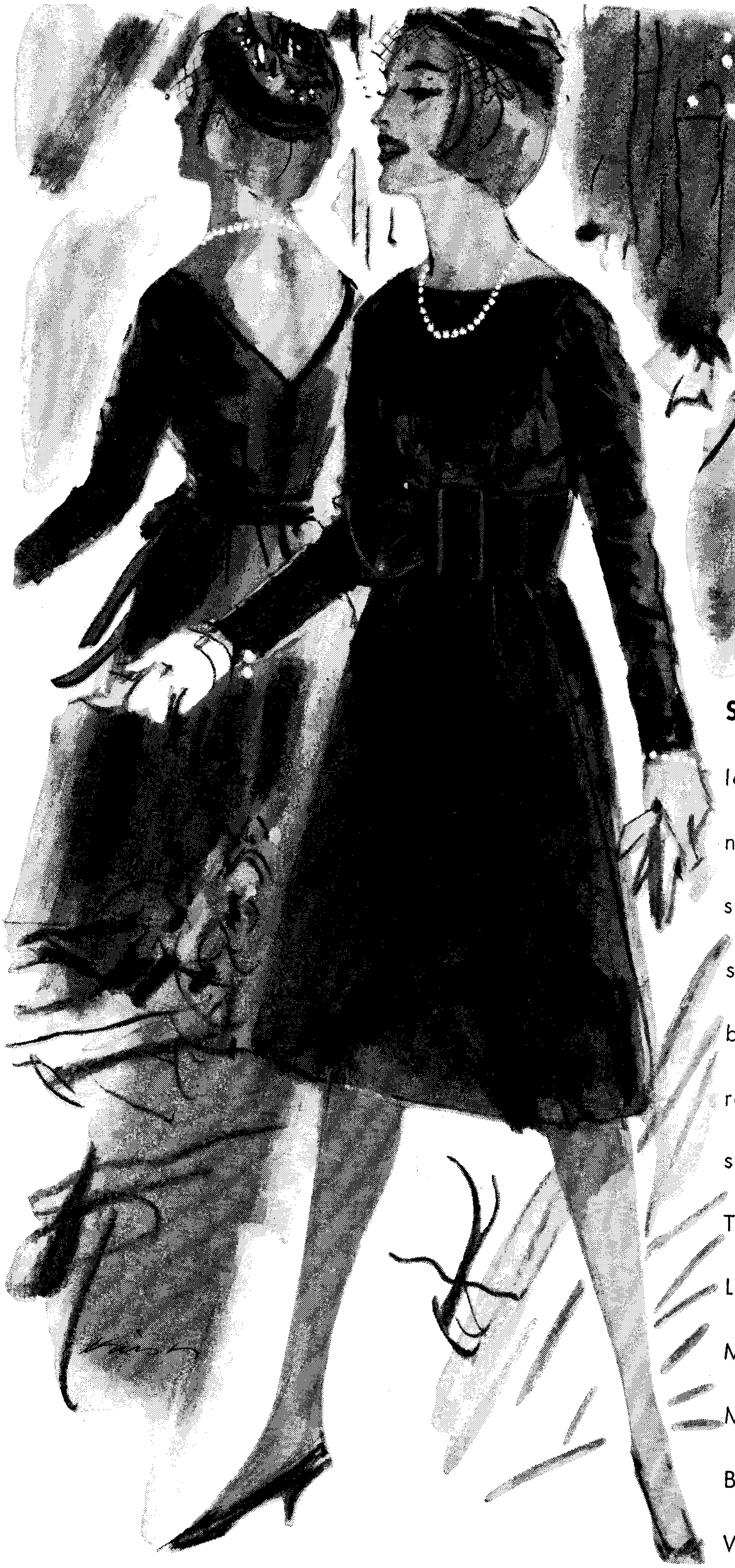

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Sept. 10.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An excellent, if occasionally flawed, production of Rabindranath Tagore's 1910 fusion of classic and folk Indian drama, in which we are told, through stylized speech, dance, chanting, and pantomime, how a symbolic king and queen eventually achieve oneness. The cast is both Indian and American, and has been directed by Krishna Shah. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Pirates of Penzance—The Stratford (Ontario) Festival production of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, directed by Tyrone Guthrie. Preview Tuesday, Sept. 5, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, Sept. 6, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 22. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Red Eye of Love—A play by Arnold Weinstein, with Frances Sternhagen. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—President McKinley liked it. In the cast are David Atkinson and Barbara Louis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—A strenuous and only partially successful attempt to supply Thomas's celebrated radio play with faces and forms, which, as before, merely get in the way of the poetry. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting) is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays, except Sept. 5, through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays, Sunday, Sept. 3, and Labor Day at 7:30 and 10:30.

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Aug. 31: "Serenade," "Electronics," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony."...¶ Friday evening, Sept. 1: "Con Amore," "Creation of the World," "Electronics," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 2: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Western Symphony."...¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 2: "La Sonnambula," "Apollo," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony."...¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 3: "Firebird," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 3: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Pas de Deux," and "Serenade."...¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 5: "La Sonnambula," "Electronics," "Allegro Brillante," and "Variants."...¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 6: "Apollo," "Ebony Concerto," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Agon."...¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 7: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," and "Liebeslieder Walzer."...¶ Friday evening, Sept. 8: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," and "The Figure in the Carpet."...¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 9: "Donizetti Variations," "Creation of the World," and "Liebeslieder Walzer."...¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 9: "Ebony Concerto," "Con Amore," and "The Figure in the Carpet." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 17.)

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MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "King Richard II," with Ben Hayes, J. D. Cannon, and Kathleen Widdoes. The final production of the season. (Wollman Rink, Central Park. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 9.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a highly athletic company headed by Cathy Machado, Ronnie Robertson, and Bobby Specht. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays, except Labor Day, through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 17.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Elaine Malbin, together with two young sprouts named Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, head a cast of two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30; through Monday, Sept. 4. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A form of social security not provided by the government. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra never pause for breath. Closed Saturday through Monday, Sept. 2-4.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre, where the sound of music, usually Stanley Worth's little dance band, goes on from apéritifs to curfew night after night. Renato Rossini's lyric guitar, a solo instrument, gets to work during the evening shift and takes Sundays off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The stately *pied-à-terre* known as the Rendez-Vous is under the benign eye of Charles Columbus, *man-about-the-world*, whose activities as host give it a lawn-party air. The other airs are offered up by the good-natured bands of Charles Holden and Mark Monte. Closed Sundays....¶ On Tuesday, Sept. 5, Kurt Maier will begin addressing the piano in the Palm Court for the cocktail hour (four to six-thirty) and in the Edwardian Room for the dinner hour.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill reopens on Tuesday, Sept. 5, again to the desultory rustlings of Milton Saunders and his dance band.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A hill station of rare salubriousness, far above the city's roar. Milt Shaw's and Walter Kay's tiny dance bands go on and on all evening. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Ray Hartley, the young Australian who spends his evenings (five to ten) in the leisured Savoy Room, does piano that, no matter how casual, is pièce de résistance. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The décor of the Walldorfkeller, which is the peak of the Waldorf's current night life, is *Alpenhütte;* the cuisine is Wien, Wien; the music (Josef Seidl's) is zithery in just the right manner. The music runs from seven to midnight every evening but Sunday.

Note—The Rainbow Room, the summit of the 30 Rockefeller Plaza anthill, provides—from its window seats—a panorama of un-air-conditioned ants, far below, seeking that summer festival. Meat and drink and an intermittent non-dance trio and piano are the other rewards, available from four-thirty through the dinner hour. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): The cliff dwellers of Manhattan playing at grown-up boys-and-girls-together, in tune (after eight) to the chirruping sounds of Marty Berns' piano. Closed Mondays.... **Goldie's New York**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The children's hour may run as late as two or three in the morning, and the pied pipers operate like this: Bob Printz patrols his piano from five-thirty to eight, after which Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders take to *their* pianos. Around midnight, these two get around to real double-or-nothing work. Closed Friday through Monday, Sept. 1-4.... **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's home is indeed a castle, with all the perquisites pertaining thereto. His Steinway, decisive without being domineering, speaks its pieces from cocktails until one in the morning. Wayne Sanders is now the Sunday musician.... **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): On Wednesday, Sept. 6, this road to Rome will be reopened. No one, it is safe to predict, will be more expert at threading the traffic than Herman Honigsberg's élite corps of ambulatory violinists, who are on the move until all hours. Whenever they cool out, a pair of ambulatory guitarists fills the breach. Closed Sundays.... **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A few knowing Italians have worked themselves up into a fine Firenze and garnished it with native dishes and native operatics, the latter of which are on view Tuesdays through Saturdays. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, oboist, and basso profundo—is the mainstay of the sound department. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a minute dance band. Closed Mondays....

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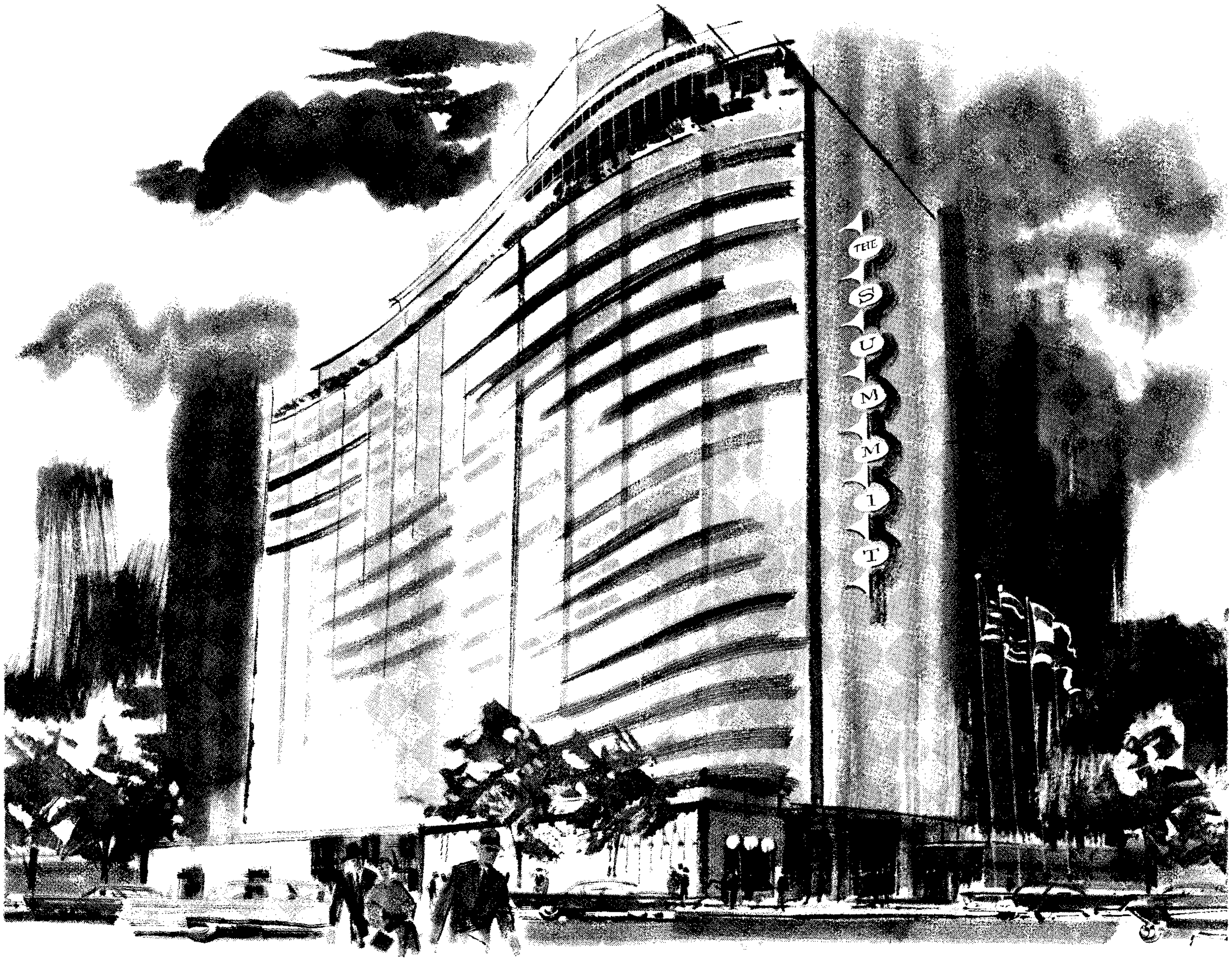

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): When knights were bold, and all that, but not enough to suppress Norbert Faconi, the major-domo, and his drink-to-me-only fiddle, whose orbit includes every table in the house. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish influence on the culture of Argentina is evidenced by the ballet and ballad troupes that now make this their stamping and chanting ground. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this banqueting hall, Jules Kuti makes modest passes at the piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Hungarian cookery and Hungarian revelry—Tibor Rakossy's songs of the heart, the trilling of such damsels as Lili France, and the rumblings of zimbalons and fiddles. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): Polynesia from the veranda of a resort hotel, with travel-folder natives bending assiduously over their stringed instruments every night of the week in the refectory, and a combination pianist, guitarist, and singer callooing and callaying in the bar every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): It's easy to follow the bouncing ball—Cal Bostic, whoop-de-do pianist and tenor—who whiles away what's left of the night after ten. Until then, the art gallery along the walls should be sufficient to amuse. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians, who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Home, home from the hills of Nairobi and Nantucket come (on Tuesday, Sept. 5) the hunters and huntresses for their Manhattan reunions, which will be accompanied, eight-thirty to two, by take-it-or-leave-it piano. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life is real, life is earnest when guitar and piano get to work on their Spanish fandangos, which can go on and on far into the night. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Latin America quietly wrapped up in itself, except when a flamencan called Fernanda climbs onstage to run off her finger- and foot-breaking exercises. The rest of the time, a piano is apt to brood out loud, but not very. No dance recital Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A big, wide, wonderful world replete with nine-foot seraphs who do their vigorous setting-up exercises as unassumingly garbed as Susanna on her way to meet the Elders. They're in the charge of Gloria Le Roy, the most laissez-faire housemother you ever saw. To this is added a revue that has been partly fattened up on corn. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The merriment comes from Mickey Deems, whose lines, no matter how broad-gauge, always laugh at the jokesmiths. The song comes from Della Reese, whose method commands your undivided tension. On Thursday, Sept. 7, a new bill commences: Joe E. Lewis, the undoubted maestro, whose cards are all either inside straights or royal blushes, and Adam Wade, a singer who is apt to remind you of many great balladeers. Their background is a set of eight noticeable ballerinas, all prettily engrossed in wondering which is their right foot. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Tuesday, Sept. 5, is reopening night for this hostelry. Among the first-nighters will be Dick Gregory, a casual prophet not without honor and certainly not without wit; Barbara Gilbert, a flippant young merrymaker of wayward lyrics; and a team composed of the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, whose domain is folk music with a dash of Irish. Jimmy Lyons' trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his aides) will fill the interludes. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty and piano preside over the six-to-eight-thirty activities every night but Saturday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The small revue—which Julius Monk, the local entrepreneur, has elevated from formula to art form—at its best. Its inhabitants are (1) Freddie Weber, a blond dragonfly, (2) the dark lady of the sonnets named Lovey Powell, and (3) their amiable playmates—Jim Sheridan and Bill McCutcheon. The keyboard work of Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, whose variations on themes by Gershwin, Kern, et al., are seventeen-jewel, are also available. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Some of the floor show is designed for those whose Basic Spanish consists of "*¡Ole!*" The rest is more advanced, particularly a remarkable Brazilian dance by Jonas Moura. Quintero's band, full of burning desire, plays for the show and for the customers. Sundays, the sole event is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Around ten in a fine little den next door to the bar, the eerie flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the ardent flamenco songs of Domingo Alvarado often persuade the clients to join in. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): The theme of the incumbent revue—life can be impossible—is airily carried out by the entire cast, which amounts to R. G. Brown, a sardonic young man, and Marian Mercer, a *farceuse* of high degree. Few of the words are fancy, and all of the music, composed and played at his solitary piano by Baldwin Bergersen, is springtime. This happens at 11:30 P.M. every night but Monday; Fridays and Saturdays there's also a 9 P.M. matinée.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The clarinet of Pee Wee Russell, though attached to Mr. Condon's new band (in which such men as Ruby Braff and Marshall Brown are concerned), at times withdraws into splendid isolation and meditation, and these are the high spots of a splendid all-out and clattering evening. Mr. Condon, by the way, is again on duty, and makes duty seem a pleasure. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): This ancient aviary now presents a pair of rarely heard birds—the quartet of Stan Getz, a master technician who knows exactly what effect he wants to create, and

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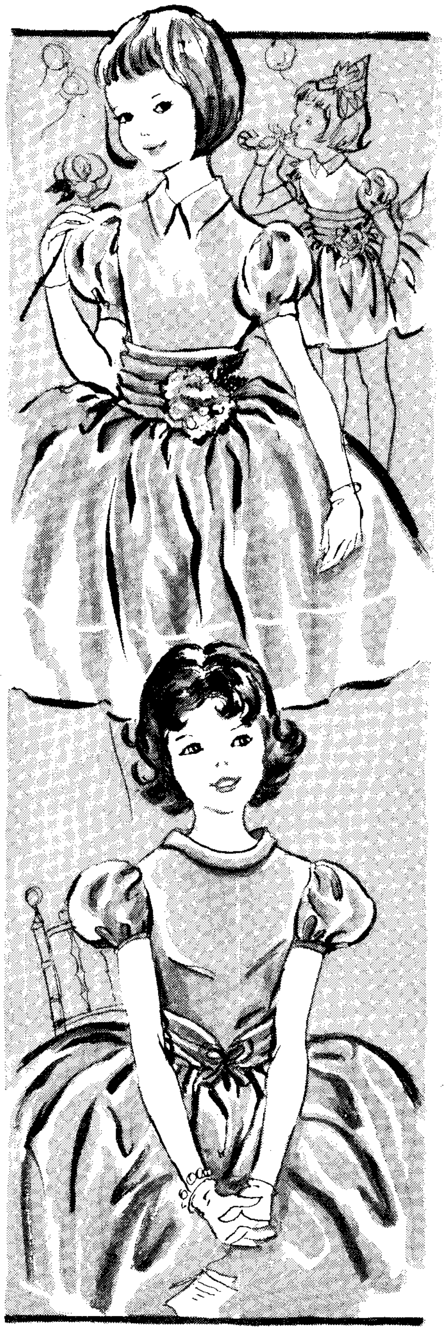

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the duet of Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, whose banter and balladry is a nice blend of domestic harmony and high-style jazz harmony. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Dave Brubeck, at times just a mechanical genius, is nevertheless an Influence, and his band, which includes Paul Desmond, must be listened to. It's surrounded by Carmen McRae, who never twists a song entirely out of shape, and the Brothers Four, a set of folk singers. Closed Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, who chooses to devote his vast technical proficiency on the keyboard to the sweet rustlings of spring, plays (with the help of two sidemen) very pretty for the people. Frances Thompson, who takes care of the solo turns at the piano, is just barely on the mild side of progress. No sounds on Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. *(CI 5-0088): American history and a dash of* jaunty American hysteria. The uproar commences at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Marty Napoleon handle the day trick; the night job is handled by Dizzy Gillespie's band (to be succeeded on Friday, Sept. 1, by Gene Krupa's quartet, which will take Sundays off) and Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays), with Monday, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday assists by Sol Yaged's fivesome.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie, a self-made wit (the best kind, isn't it?), is eliciting the oddest yelps of approval from his self-made horn. His All-Stars and Slide Hampton's octet, a carefully arranged group that sticks to the book of Slide rules, share the podium. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are home. ... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The Intercollegiate Omar Clay quartet, whatever that is, leaves Sunday, Sept. 3; on Tuesday, Sept. 5, a quintet headed by Clark Terry and Bob Brookmeyer will come in. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 1-3, Herbie Mann's Sextet will also perform. Closed Mondays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Max Kaminsky's quartet and Joe Castro's trio lay down their muskets on Saturday, Sept. 2. On Monday, Sept. 4, Ray Bryant's trio will be the most important arrival. Sundays are ceded to visiting minstrels from every sidewalk of New York.... **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The Dukes of Dixieland, who sound perfectly fine when they're not tomfooling around, take leave on Saturday, Sept. 2. On Monday, Sept. 4, the trio of Dorothy Donegan, who knows a rough way to treat a Steinway, moves in. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are thumping away, perhaps a bit matter-of-factly, in tribute to yesteryear. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Labor Day.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Johnny Windhurst, who went to the best of the old schools, is horn lead in a group (Cutty Cutshall and Cliff *Leeman among them*) called the Sheridan Squares. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons, starting at five. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): A couple of freshman teams—James Moody's sextet (which is off duty Tuesdays) and Walter Bishop's trio (which is off duty Mondays)—have reported early for fall practice.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): John Coltrane's blow-by-blow account of the sombre aspects of modern music is thoroughly accompanied by his fivesome. This comes to a halt on Sunday, Sept. 3, but the drum corps assembled by Olatunji will keep on exploding. The Coltranes will be replaced, on Tuesday, Sept. 5, by Nina Simone, a slightly studied spitfire, and her trio. Jam sessions Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Labor Day.)

DRAWINGS AND WATER COLORS—Works from six centuries, ranging from Rubens to Motherwell, lent by Vassar College alumnae and their families. For the benefit of the Agnes Rindge Claflin Purchase Fund for the Vassar Art Gallery. Through Saturday, Sept. 9. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 19 E. 71st St.: A group of paintings (by Margit Beck, Emma Ehrenreich, Jacob Drachler, and other artists sponsored by the gallery) recently returned from a Brazilian good-will exhibition; through Friday, Sept. 8. ... **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Priscilla Roberts, John Pike, and Vincent Glinsky are three of the participants in the summer showing of paintings and sculptures; through Friday, Sept. 1.... **NORDNESS,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibit of works in various mediums by contemporary painters and sculptors, including Alfred Blaustein, Karl Zerbe, and Milton Hebald; through Friday, Sept. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 10.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from 2 until dark, starting Friday, Sept. 1, and continuing through Sunday, Sept. 24.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Color in Prints," about ninety examples showing the development of color from Gothic woodcuts to contemporary prints; through Labor Day. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Italian Futurist movement, with paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages by, among others, Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, and Gino Severini; through Sept. 12.... ¶ "Roads," a photographic essay on historic and modern highways, depicting what they have done for, and are doing to, the world; through Sept. 17.... ¶ A loan exhibition of seventy-five recent paintings by fifteen leading contemporary Polish artists, including Jan Lebenstein, Aleksander Kobzdej, and Tadeusz Kantor; through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—The Romanesque apse of the twelfth-century Church of San Martín de Fuentidueña, on long-term loan from the Spanish government. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6; Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.— Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection by such modern masters as Kandinsky, Klee, Gleizes, and Brancusi; through Oct. 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Semi-abstract and figural sculptures (in wood, marble, bronze, and granite), together with graphic art, by Peter Lipman-Wulf; through Sept. 28.... ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Israel London. Some of the artists are de Chirico, Ep-

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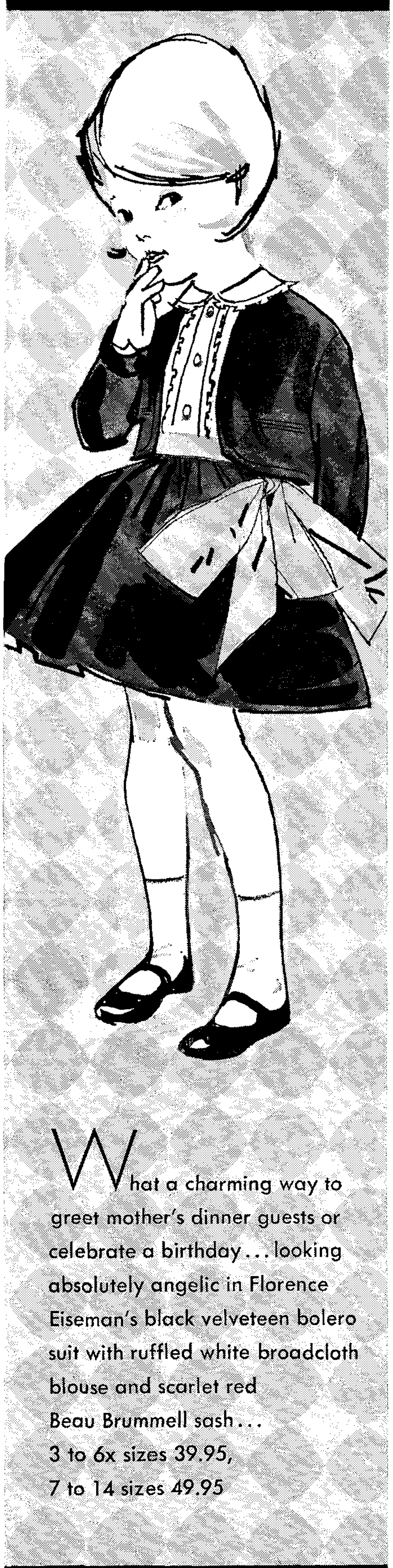

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stein, and Gris. Through Sept. 28. (Mondays, except Labor Day, through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Artist-Craftsmen of Western Europe," an exhibit of three hundred objects (stoneware, glassware, wood and metal furniture, enamels, stained-glass windows, mosaics, ceramic sculpture, church vestments, rugs, and the like) from Austria, France, Spain, and other countries; through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, except Labor Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Traditional Arts of Africa's New Nations," a display of sculptures, ivory carvings, ceremonial masks, and ornamental goldwork from more than twenty nations and covering four hundred years; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Daily, except Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Central Park Mall Concerts—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Louise Parker, contralto. The last in a series of concerts. (Saturday, Sept. 2, at 8:30.)... ¶ Russell Stanger conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Lois Marshall, soprano. (Monday, Sept. 4, at 8:30.)

Wollman Rink Concerts—A program by the Beaux-Arts String Quartet. The fifth in a series of six free concerts. (Central Park. Monday, Sept. 4, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Temple Rodeph Sholom, 7 W. 83rd St.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, Aug. 31: Bud Freeman's septet.... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 7: Ted Curson's quintet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Music Barn—Final concerts of the season—Saturday, Sept. 2: Chris Connor, Coleman Hawkins, and the Ronnie Ball trio.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 3: The Modern Jazz Quartet and others. (Lenox, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet, with Gerald Stanick, viola, in the final concert of the season. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Sept. 3, at 4.)

Silvermine Guild Chamber-Music Concerts—The Silvermine String Quartet, with Charles Russo, clarinet, in the final concert of the season. (New Canaan, Conn. Saturday, Sept. 9, at 8:30.)

Southern Vermont Art Center—The Marina Svetlova Ballet. The final programs of the season. (Manchester, Vt. Saturday, Sept. 2, at 3, and Sunday, Sept. 3, at 8:30.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by Ruth Ann Koesun and Ivan Allen, the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, and Hadassah. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, Aug. 31, at 3:30; Friday, Sept. 1, at 8:40; and Saturday, Sept. 2, at 3:30 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, Sept. 1, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 2-3, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Monday, Sept. 4, at 1:30 (doubleheader); Tuesday, Sept. 5, at 8; and Wednesday, Sept. 6, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 7-8, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 9, at 2.

Horse Shows—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 2-4.)... ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 7-9.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 9.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB,** Jericho.... **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase.

Racing—**AQUEDUCT-AT-BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 30. The Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 2; the Aqueduct Handicap, Monday, Sept. 4; and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 9. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays, except Labor Day, through Fridays between 11 and 1; Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25; and Labor Day between 10:45 and 1:55.)... **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 3. The World's Playground, Saturday, Sept. 9. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Sept. 3, at 2, and Monday, Sept. 4, at noon.

Tennis—National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Friday, Sept. 1, through Sunday, Sept. 10. Tickets may be obtained at the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St., and the West Side Tennis Club.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:25; through Thursday, Sept. 28.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Sept. 10, Sept. 26-27, and Sept. 29-Oct. 1.... **WORLD SERIES:** Starts Oct. 3, if there are no tie playoffs, in the home park of the American League champion.

Boxing—Terry Downes vs. Paul Pender, middleweights, 15 rounds. (Boston Garden, Boston. Sept. 23.)... ¶ Emile Griffith vs. Benny (Kid) Paret, 15 rounds, for the World Welterweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Sept. 30.)

College Football—Some early games of the season—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 30:** Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Harvard vs. Lehigh, at Cambridge; Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis; Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven.... **SATURDAY, OCT. 7:** Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field; Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia; and Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven.... **SATURDAY, OCT. 14:** Cornell vs. Navy, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover; Harvard vs. Colgate, at Cambridge; Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven.

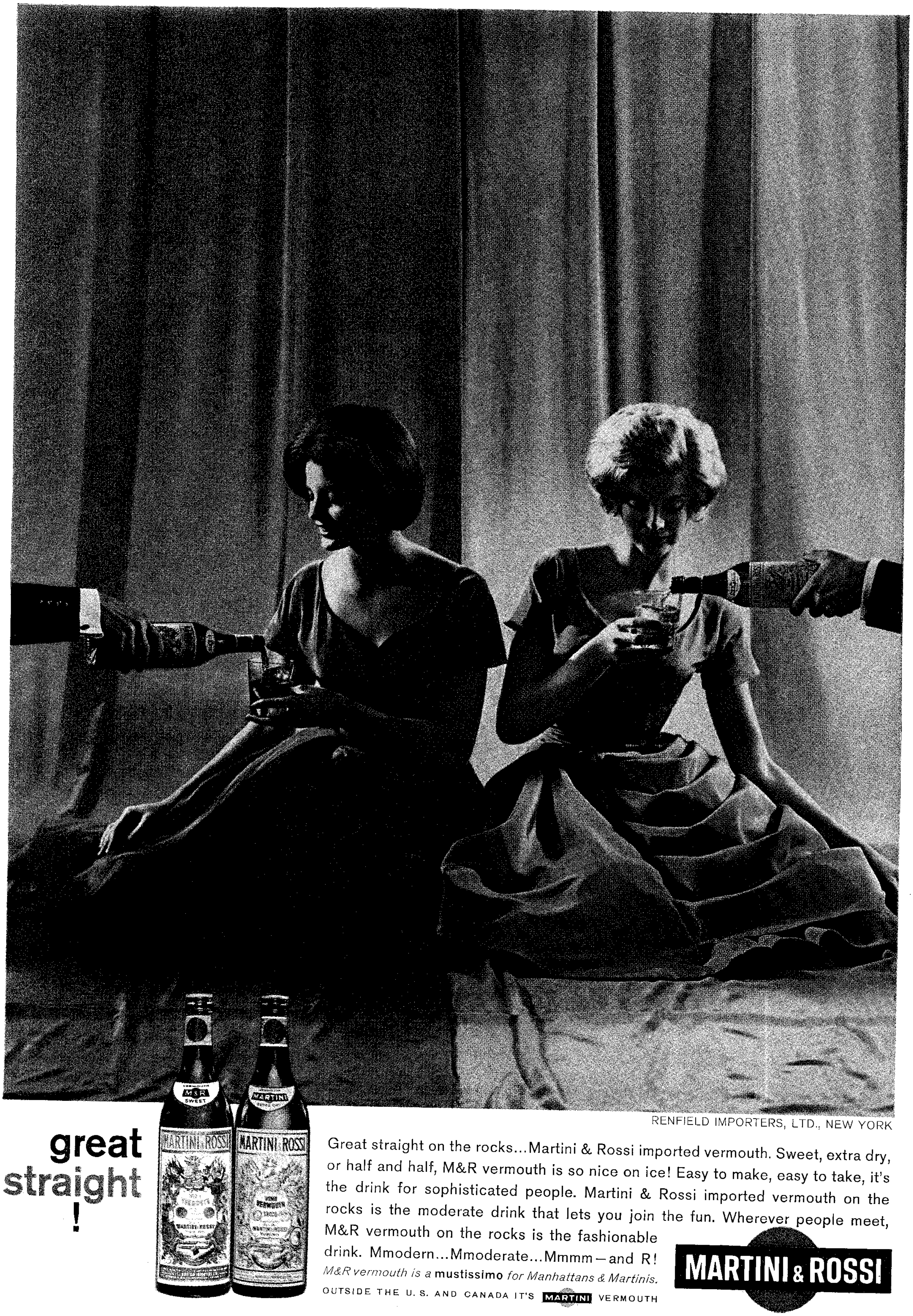
Professional Football—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Sept. 17.... **POLO GROUNDS:** Titans vs. Denver Broncos, Sept. 24.... ¶ Titans vs. Boston Patriots, Oct. 1.... ¶ Titans vs. San Diego Chargers, Oct. 15.

Dog Shows—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sept. 10.)... ¶ Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Oct. 1.)... ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 7.)

Golf—Sectional qualifying round for the U.S.G.A. Senior Championship. (Wheatley Hills Golf Club, East Williston. Sept. 19.)... ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Sept. 20-22.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden starting Oct. 12.

Horse Shows—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Sept. 14-17.)... ¶ Pennsylvania



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Oct. 14 and Oct. 16-21.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 16.) . . . ¶ Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Oct. 4 and 7.). . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Oct. 14.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Sept. 16.)

Racing—At **BELMONT**: Oct. 2-28. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Oct. 7-Nov. 11.

Six-Day Bike Race—At Madison Square Garden: Sept. 22-28.

Sports-Car Racing—At **LIME ROCK PARK**, Lime Rock, Conn.: Sept. 16. . . . **WATKINS GLEN, N.Y.**: Sept. 21-22. . . . **BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT**, Bridgehampton, L.I.: Sept. 30-Oct. 1. . . . **THOMPSON RACEWAY**, Thompson, Conn.: Oct. 14-15.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Sept. 29-Nov. 30.

Music—**OPERA**: New York City Opera Company, at the City Center (CI 6-8989), Oct. 5-Nov. 12. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7460): Opening performances of the New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein conducting, Sept. 26 (non-subscription benefit concert) and Sept. 28 (first concert of the regular season). . . . ¶ Jacques Abram, piano, Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Opening performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Byron Janis, piano, Oct. 11. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Josh White, folk singer, Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Ravi Shankar, sitarist, Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Charles Bressler, tenor, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Maria Luisa Anido, guitar, Oct. 7. . . . ¶ An orchestral concert, conducted by Arnold Gamson, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Miriam Makeba, African singer, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Theodore Bikel, folk singer, Oct. 15.

Ballet—Leningrad Kirov Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Sept. 11-30. . . . ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the 54th Street Theatre, Oct. 2-14.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A two-week repertory by the Greek Tragedy Theatre (at the City Center), consisting of "Electra," by Sophocles, and "Les Choephores" and "Les Eumenides," by Aeschylus, all in modern Greek. . . . ¶ "Purlie Victorious," a play by Ossie Davis, starring Ruby Dee and Mr. Davis. . . . ¶ Elaine Stritch and Jean Fenn in Noël Coward's musical "Sail Away.". . . ¶ A London import, "The Caretaker," by Harold Pinter, with Donald Pleasence, Robert Shaw, and Alan Bates. . . . ¶ "Do You Know the Milky Way?," an adaptation by Lyon Phelps of a German play by Karl Wittlinger; Hal Holbrook and George Voskovec are the entire cast. . . . ¶ A comedy, "High Fidelity," by Arthur Carter, in which Julie Wilson, Vicki Cummings, and John Newton will appear. . . . ¶ "Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poole," a comedy by James and William Goldman, with a cast led by Darren McGavin and Peter Fonda. . . . ¶ George Gobel, Sam Levene, and Barbara Nichols in a musical, "Let It Ride!," based on the John Cecil Holm-George Abbott play "Three Men on a Horse." Abram S. Ginnes wrote the book, and Jay Livingston and Ray Evans did the music and lyrics. . . . ¶ "Milk and Honey," a musical with a book by Don Appell and music and lyrics by Jerry Herman. The cast includes Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon. . . . ¶ Eileen Heckart in a new play by John Patrick, "Everybody Loves Opal.". . . ¶ A musical, "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," taken from the book of the same name by Shepherd Mead. Frank Loesser composed the score; the book was turned out by Abe Burrows, Jack Weinstock, and Willie Gilbert; and the cast is headed by Robert Morse and Rudy Vallée.

Other Dates—Third-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Friday, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ The sixteenth session of the United Nations General Assembly will convene here on Sept. 19. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Saturday, Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Columbus Day is Thursday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 7 elections, Oct. 12-14.

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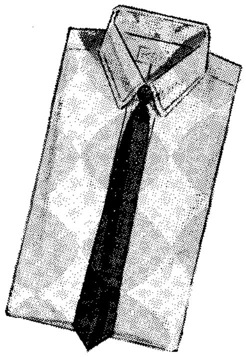

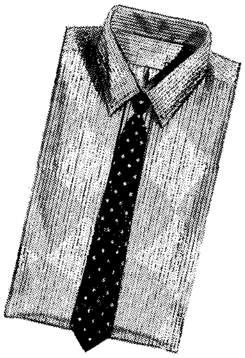

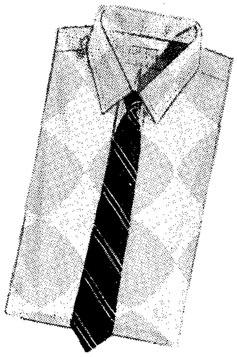

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

L'Avventura—If you feel that cinematic technique should be an end in itself, you may feel that this Italian movie is worth two and a half hours of your time. If not, not. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 6, tentative.)

A Cold Wind in August—A somewhat faded stripper of twenty-eight and an immaculate Italian boy of seventeen fall in love. If their affair ends as badly as you might expect and offers few surprises along the way, the vigor of the writing and camera work and the acting make this a film worth seeing. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

La Dolce Vita—Modern Rome is the lively, if somewhat jaded, heroine of this beautiful picture, and Federico Fellini, who wrote and directed it, doubles as her doting impresario and severest critic. Marcello Mastroianni, a wonderful young actor, heads a pretty wonderful cast that includes Annibale Ninchi, Alain Cuny, Anouk Aimée, and Yvonne Furneaux. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily, except Wednesdays, at 2:30; Wednesdays at 2. Extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only.)

Exodus—Time moves slowly in the Middle East, and Otto Preminger has made no attempt to hurry it along in his almost everlasting film about the founding of Israel. Occasional gunfire fails to interrupt the gabfest among Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb, and several dozen other chatterboxes. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Fanny—A brightly spinning pinwheel of life among the passionate Marseillais, as seen through the eyes of Josh Logan. Nothing here is to be believed, but nearly all of it is to be enjoyed. Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer ham it up with elderly, boyish élan, and Leslie Caron and Horst Buchholz play the not very star-crossed lovers. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through Sept. 6.)

The Great War—Out of Italy, a vivid and often funny evocation of the First World War. The producer is Dino De Laurentiis and the large and distinguished cast is headed by Vittorio Gassman, Alberto Sordi, and Silvana Mangano. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The Joker—In as funny a movie as you could hope to see, Jean-Pierre Cassel plays a young man about Paris determined to conquer every woman he encounters and consoled between conquests by a happy lunatic family in a lunatic house. The director, Philippe de Broca, is plainly a very great man. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Misfits—Modern-day mustangs and lonely ladies are some of the too obvious symbols in this Western parable written by Arthur Miller, but the performances of Marilyn Monroe and the late Clark Gable almost compensate for all the sugar candy. Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, and Thelma Ritter are other members of a fine cast, which was directed by John Huston. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 31.)

Purple Noon—A French thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Well acted and pretty to look at. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Rocco and His Brothers—A long, scrupulously detailed, never very cheerful, and immensely impressive study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good and, the temptations of city life being what they are, loses far more than it gains. Luchino Visconti produced and directed this formidable work, which readily bears comparison with "La Dolce Vita." (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—A young English factory worker fighting a private and high-spirited war for independence is the hero of this movie. As played by Albert Finney, he is appealing and, for the most part, believable, even though Mr. Finney's freedom as an actor is somewhat curtailed by rather heavy-handed direction. The script, by Alan Sillitoe, couldn't be better. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Secrets of Women—An early Ingmar Bergman, well worth resurrecting. Three sisters-in-law start spilling the beans about their love lives, and, thanks to Mr. Bergman's wit and tact, the revelations are, by turns, harsh, touching, and funny. The cast includes Anita Björk, Eva Dahlbeck, and Gunnar Björnstrand. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Truth—Henri-Georges Clouzot's study of life among the beatniks of Paris. A beautiful young amoralist, who was thinking of shooting herself but has shot her lover instead, is on trial for his murder, and M. Clouzot's purpose is to show what got her into that terrible fix. Despite its subject matter, a film of almost classical elegance of style, superbly acted by, of all people, Brigitte Bardot. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Two Women—The director is Vittorio De Sica. The stars are Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. The language is Italian. The story (from a novel by Alberto Moravia) is about a woman who takes her young daughter to a mountain village in order to escape the bombing of Rome, and starts back home too soon. The result of the combination is a lovely movie that is also, in an odd sort of way, a heartening one. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Sept. 1-4.)

Aparajito (1959)—A sequel to the Indian film "Pather Panchali," accompanying the family through further trials and misadventures. Directed by Satyajit Ray. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through Sept. 6.)

The Big Deal (1960)—From Italy comes this takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 2, tentative. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 3-4.)

The Crucible (1958)—Jean-Paul Sartre's version of Arthur Miller's drama about witchcraft and theocratic oppression in the Salem of 1692. With Mylène Demongeot and Simone Signoret. Formerly called "Witches of Salem." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 2.)

The Eagle (1925)—That old curio with the celebrated romantic team of Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 5.)

Genevieve (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More brighten up this English film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 5, tentative.)

The Great Adventure (1955)—A Swedish film that tells of a ten-year-old boy and the woods and lakes, teeming with fauna, that he explores. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 31.)

Gunga Din (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 31.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 31.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 6, tentative.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 6.)

The Magnificent Seven (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 1-2.)

Masters of the Congo Jungle (1960)—A survey of native and wild life in Africa, which was put together under the aegis of the Belgian International Scientific Foundation. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 3-5.)

Pather Panchali (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through Sept. 6.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; Sept. 3-5.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Sept. 1-4.)

Sergeant York (1941)—Gary Cooper as the celebrated noncom. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 31.)

The Seventh Seal (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 1-2.)

Swing Time (1936)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing away to Kern tunes. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 3-4.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a chirpy small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 1-2.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 5, tentative.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 31.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 5.)

The Wave (1937)—The Gulf of Mexico, its fisherfolk, its beauties, and its problems. A Mexican picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 2.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 2: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933), with Mae West and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 3: To be announced. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Young Doctors," Fredric March, Ben Gazzara.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Ada," Susan Hayward, Dean Martin.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Scream of Fear," Susan Strasberg, Ronald Lewis.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Sept. 6: **FANNY**.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
A COLD WIND IN AUGUST.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Pit and the Pendulum," Vincent Price, John Kerr.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Aug. 31: "Marines, Let's Go," David Hedison.
From Sept. 1: "The Big Gamble," Stephen Boyd, Juliette Greco.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Francis of Assisi," Bradford Dillman, Dolores Hart.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Honeymoon Machine," Steve McQueen.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE GREAT WAR.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 6 (tentative): **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Sept. 3: "Wild in the Country," Elvis Presley, Hope Lange; and "The Trapp Family," Ruth Leuwerik.
From Sept. 4: "Nikki, Wild Dog of the North," Jean Coutu; and "The Sign of Zorro," Guy Williams.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 5 (tentative): "The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.
From Sept. 6 (tentative): "The Parent Trap," Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE GREAT WAR (in Italian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TWO WOMEN (in Italian).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 2: "By Love Possessed," Lana Turner, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.; and "Three on a Spree," Jack Watling.
Sept. 3-4: "Wild in the Country," Elvis Presley, Hope Lange; and "The Trapp Family," Ruth Leuwerik.
From Sept. 5: "Nikki, Wild Dog of the North," Jean Coutu; and "The Sign of Zorro," Guy Williams.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Scream of Fear," Susan Strasberg, Ronald Lewis.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE JOKER (in French).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 2 (tentative): **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian), revival.
From Sept. 3 (tentative): "The Parent Trap," Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Young Doctors," Fredric March, Ben Gazzara.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 3: "Wild in the Country," Elvis Presley, Hope Lange; and "The Trapp Family," Ruth Leuwerik.
From Sept. 4: "Nikki, Wild Dog of the North," Jean Coutu; and "The Sign of Zorro," Guy Williams.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 5: "By Love Possessed," Lana Turner, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.; and "Three on a Spree," Jack Watling.
From Sept. 6: "The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill; and "Operation Bottleneck," Ron Foster.

WEST SIDE

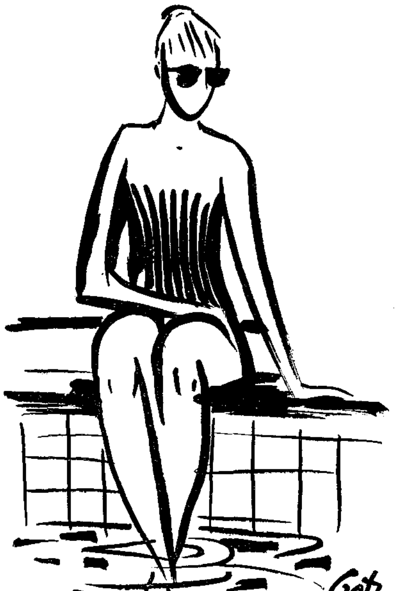
Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 31: **SERGEANT YORK**, revival; and **THE INFORMER**, revival.
Sept. 1-4: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.
From Sept. 5: **VOLPONE** (in French), revival; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Aug. 31: **THE MISFITS**; and "Middle of the Night," revival, Kim Novak, Fredric March.
Sept. 1-2: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival; and **THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN** (in Japanese), revival.
Sept. 3-5: **MASTERS OF THE CONGO JUNGLE**, revival; and "Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler.
From Sept. 6: "A Star Is Born," revival, Judy Garland, James Mason; and "The Sea Around Us," revival, a documentary film.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 5 (tentative): **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND**, revival; and **GENEVIEVE**, revival.
From Sept. 6 (tentative): **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and "The Promoter," revival, Alec Guinness, Glynis Johns.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
SECRETS OF WOMEN (in Swedish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 5: "By Love Possessed," Lana Turner, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.; and "Three on a Spree," Jack Watling.
From Sept. 6: "The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill; and "Operation Bottleneck," Ron Foster.



Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 5: "The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick; and "Hand in Hand," John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike.
From Sept. 6: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival; and "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Sand Castle," Barry Cardwell.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
THE JOKER (in French).

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
PURPLE NOON (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Sept. 6: **APARAJITO**, **PATHER PANCHALI**, and "The World of Apu" (all in Bengali and all revivals).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE TRUTH (in French).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Sept. 6: "By Love Possessed," Lana Turner, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.; and "Three on a Spree," Jack Watling.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 31: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and **GUNGA DIN**, revival.
Sept. 1-2: **TIGER BAY**, revival; and "Expresso Bongo," revival, Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.
Sept. 3-4: **SWING TIME**, revival; and **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian), revival.
Sept. 5-6: "The Man Between," revival, James Mason, Claire Bloom; and "Ordet" (in Danish), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 2: "The Brothers Karamazov," revival, Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "Some Came Running," revival, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
Sept. 3-5: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival; and "The Five Pennies," revival, Danny Kaye, Barbara Bel Geddes.
From Sept. 6: "Man of the West," revival, Gary Cooper, Julie London; and "The Indian Fighter," revival, Kirk Douglas, Walter Matthau.

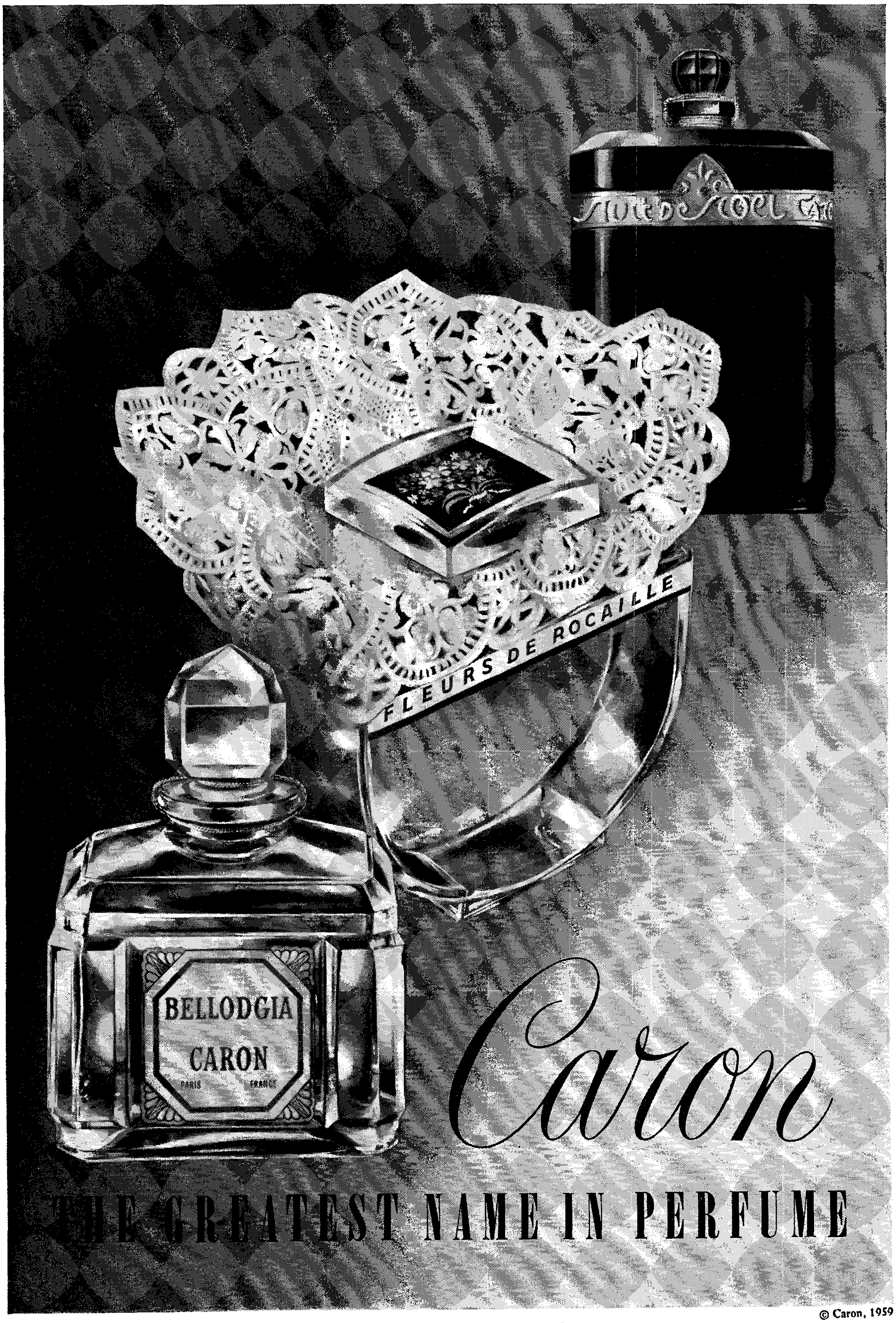
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 31: **THE GREAT ADVENTURE**, revival; and "Secrets of the Reef," revival, a nature film on marine life.
Sept. 1: "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson; and "Monika" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.
Sept. 2: **THE CRUCIBLE** (in French; formerly called "Witches of Salem"), revival; and **THE WAVE** (in Spanish), revival.
Sept. 3: "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain; and "The Sorceress" (in French), revival, Marina Vlady.
Sept. 4: "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (in German), revival; and "St. Matthew Passion," revival, Bach's work, played by the Vienna Philharmonic, sung by the Vienna Choir Boys, and illustrated with paintings by Old Masters.
Sept. 5: **THE EAGLE** (silent); and "Cyrano de Bergerac," revival, José Ferrer, Mala Powers.
Sept. 6: A program of nine short films on the dance—"Pavlova Dances," "They Sing and They Dance," and others.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Sept. 5: "Wild in the Country," Elvis Presley, Hope Lange; and "The Trapp Family," Ruth Leuwerik.
From Sept. 6: "Nikki, Wild Dog of the North," Jean Coutu; and "The Sign of Zorro," Guy Williams.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 6: "The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Sept. 6: "By Love Possessed," Lana Turner, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.; and "Three on a Spree," Jack Watling.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Sept. 3: "Wild in the Country," Elvis Presley, Hope Lange; and "The Trapp Family," Ruth Leuwerik.
From Sept. 4: "Nikki, Wild Dog of the North," Jean Coutu; and "The Sign of Zorro," Guy Williams.


Nuit de Noël Caron
FLEURS DE ROCAILLE
BELLODGIA
CARON
PARIS FRANCE
Caron
THE GREATEST NAME IN PERFUME

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have begun to wonder lately if it is the Age of Space we have entered or the Age of Surveillance. Now secret satellites orbit the terrestrial sphere, peering with photographic precision into the crevices of its crust; in Alaska, Canada, and Greenland a network of radar scans the skies to record the slightest movement; and in stations around the globe listening devices of almost indescribable sensitivity stand poised to register every tremor. A few months ago, it was suggested in the interests of civil defense that men might soon wear radiation tabulators on their wrists, like watches, and more recently a proposal was made that metal-detectors be placed in the entranceways of airplanes to monitor the contents of passengers' pockets. But just the other day, from Washington, came word of the ultimate refinement, in a dispatch announcing that the National Geographic Society, in conjunction with the National Science Foundation, has undertaken a project to put miniature radio transmitters, attached to plastic collars, on the necks of grizzly bears in Yellowstone National Park. Conservationists, who think the grizzly may be heading for extinction, claim that the tiny transmitters will enable them to keep track of the bears not only during their warm-weather wanderings but also in hibernation. We are a conservationist ourself, but we were disheartened to read of the poor grizzly's new bondage, because it suddenly brought to our mind a vision of all that is absurd, futile, and grotesque in our time. For one brief moment, we saw the earth in ash and ruin, and the last grizzly blissfully asleep in his cave, signalling his position to a world of men who could no longer scrutinize the puny devices with which they had managed merely to preside over their own extinction.

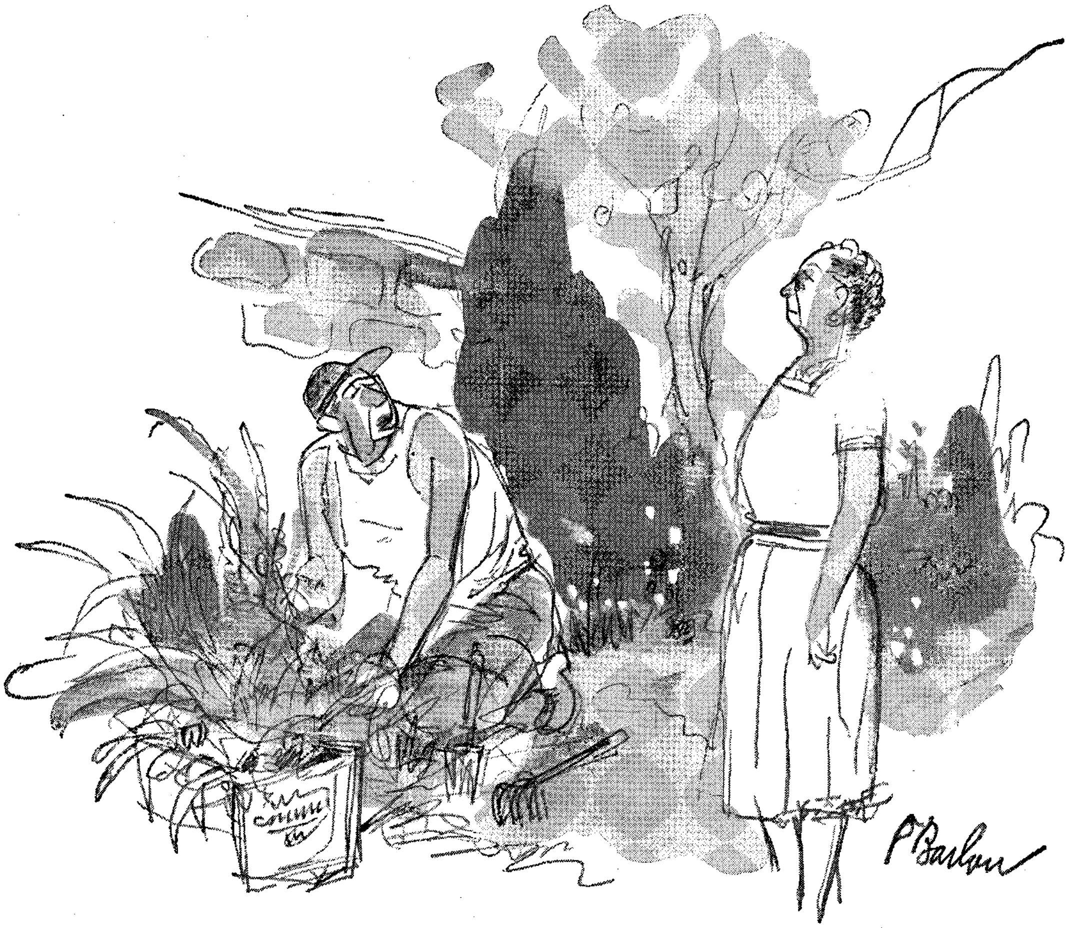
Letter

IT'S something of a fashion nowadays to complain about the time it takes a letter to reach its destination, but for our part we've nearly always been astonished by how quickly our most ordinary missives seemed to leap from one place to another. Dropping a letter into the mailbox, we would speculate on what violent adventures were about to befall it, and how many hands it must pass through before it arrived. Or would it pass through no hands at all, we wondered—was the post office as automatic by now as a bottling plant? In a recent fit of energy, we determined to satisfy our perennial curiosity on this score, and, having got in touch with the post-office people here, we were passed along to Mr. Thomas V. Flanagan, a cordial, handsome Irishman of forty-five, who rejoices—*really* rejoices—in the title of Assistant General Superintendent of Mails, Designated Services, and who agreed to serve as our guide while we followed, almost foot by foot and minute by minute, the course of a local letter from the point of mailing to the point of delivery.

Armed with a note to, as it happened, a broker in Wall Street (we were taking a little flyer in a company called Green Shoes), we met Mr. Flanagan at a mutually convenient mailbox, on the southwest corner of Forty-seventh Street and Third Avenue, at the mutually convenient hour of 5 P.M. According to the schedule on the box, the next pickup was to be at 5:15, but Flanagan said it would be a few minutes later than that. "The schedule is your guarantee that the box won't be tapped *before* a certain time," he said, adding that, contrary to the general belief, a letter can always be retrieved after mailing. "Let's say you're sending off a note of the I-don't-love-you-any-more variety," he said, glancing at our Green Shoes letter. "Three minutes after mailing it, you repent and want it back. All you have to do is telephone the post office, give the address of the box where the letter was mailed, go to the post office, fill out Withdrawal Form 1509, and identify yourself and the letter, and the letter will be returned. Should your doubts set in three hours later, instead of three minutes, our job would be more complicated, but if you agreed to pay for any telegrams we might have to send in order to catch up with it, we'd intercept it for you right up to the moment of delivery, no matter where it was headed."

We said our letter was giving us no qualms, and Mr. Flanagan looked somewhat disappointed. "Letters that start from this box are taken to the Grand Central Station Post Office," he said. "There are thirty-three post offices in Manhattan, but only three terminal points: the Grand Central Station P.O.; the General P.O., which is over behind Penn Station; and the Church Street P.O. Post-office employees work in shifts all round the clock, but our busiest time is from four to ten every weekday evening, and it hits its peak at seven. During that period, on a normal weekday, the Grand Central Station P.O. receives an average of twenty-four hundred bags of mail, with an average of six hundred pieces of mail per bag. That means a total of almost a million and a half pieces."

We opened the slot of the mailbox and added our mite to the fearful heap of written matter about to descend



"The last I saw of him, Ma'am, he was headin' for the survival shelter with six cans of beer and a box of cigars."

• •

on Grand Central. Our letter's career from that moment on can best be set down in timetable form:

5:15: Letter in box.

5:18: Postal truck pulls up, driver hops out, opens letter box, empties contents into sack, hops back into truck.

5:20: Truck starts up west side of Third Avenue, heading for Fifty-fifth Street. It taps five other 5:15 boxes—at 5:22, 5:24, 5:27, 5:30, and 5:35—and then drives non-stop down Lexington Avenue to Grand Central Station P.O., at Forty-fifth Street.

5:45: Truck draws up to back entrance and driver dumps sack containing our letter onto receiving platform, then heads back to route.

5:47: Postal worker puts sack on conveyor belt, which carries all mail to mezzanine above second floor.

6:04: Mail sack opened. Contents dumped on large flip-top table known as culling table. Three clerks set to work culling airmail and special-delivery letters, for extra-speedy handling; metered letters, which don't need cancelling; letters that have been tied in bundles in business houses and are already correctly aligned for cancelling in the standard cancellation machines; "flats" (eight-by-twelve-inch envelopes); "slugs" (bulky, irregular pieces); and packages that are just too thick for the cancelling machines. What remain are letters like ours, with ordinary stamps, which need only to be aligned before cancellation.

6:20: Culling completed. Culling table flipped. Letters spill down into canvas hoppers suspended from ceiling of second floor.

6:30: "Face-up" table immediately under hoppers on second floor reported cleared of previous load. Hoppers briefly opened, mail billows down. Fourteen clerks, seven on each side of long rectangular table, align letters face up for cancelling, then drop letters into one of two slots. One slot for "large-regular" envelopes, other for "small-regular." Under both slots run conveyor belts, which whiz letters to operators at one end of table. Operators feed letters into machines geared to cancel twelve thousand pieces an hour. Machines also postmark letters. Postmarks are changed every half hour, time indicated by postmark being always in advance of true time of cancellation, up to a maximum of thirty minutes.

6:42: Our letter emerges from cancelling machine with 7:00 postmark.

6:44: Letter dropped on tray.

6:47: Full tray placed on yet another conveyor belt, to be taken to primary-distribution operation, on same floor.

6:51: Moving tray given colored card. Six colors are used, being changed four times a day, to assure that mail—both metered and stamped—is handled in chronological order.

7:20: Tray containing our letter assigned by foreman to primary-distribution clerk, who works leaning at a rakish angle on a rest bar in front of primary-distribution case. Grand Central Station P.O. has three hundred and twenty-three identical primary-distribution cases, of which two hundred and sixty are in use this evening. Each case has forty-nine differently marked pigeonholes. Allocation of pigeonholes depends on volume of mail received, as determined by density tests conducted over the years. Some cities, like Chicago and Baltimore, boast their own pigeonholes, while a single hole is ample for thirteen Northwestern states. New York City, which receives twenty-six per cent of all primary mail, has two pigeonholes, one for "city-zoned," the other for "city-unzoned." Primary-distribution clerk rapidly takes in letter's address, weight, and cancellation. If insufficient postage is suspected, letter is weighed on nearby scales. Overweight letters are put in "short-pay" pigeonhole. "Skips," or letters that have accidentally gone uncancelled, are put aside and periodically collected by foreman. (Skips are cancelled in a special machine, which prints the words "Grand Central" instead of "Grand Central Station." Skipping can cause a letter to be delayed, and in case of a complaint the omitted word helps the P.O. account for the delay.)

7:40: Our letter stuffed into city-zoned pigeonhole. Every seventy-five seconds, a clerk calls out, over loudspeaker, for mail from one or another of the pigeonholes. Calling schedule for most holes is drawn up on basis of train connections, but city mail is called for twice an hour.

8:12: City-zoned mail called for. Primary-distribution clerks delve into city-zoned holes and lay contents on moving conveyor belt beneath cases.

8:13: Our letter reaches end of aisle and clerk called an assembler puts it on tray, which is placed on conveyor belt and carried to city section, on third floor, for distribution.

8:20: Arriving in city distribution, our letter is assigned to incoming-distribution clerk, who leans on rest bar in precisely the same fashion as primary-distribution clerk. There are two hundred and eighty identical distribution cases at the G.C.S.P.O., of which two hundred are in use this evening. Each incoming-distribution case has fifty-six differently marked pigeonholes. Most of them are for mail going to the local post offices. One hole is labelled "hard," and into it goes all local mail bearing the name of a not especially well-known firm or person and no street or number. If the distribution clerk who is handed all the hard letters happens to know the complete address, he adds it to the envelope and puts it in the proper hole in his case. If not, the letter is either returned to the sender or, if no sender is indicated, pronounced dead. (The P.O. finds it too expensive to look up addresses for ordinary mail, but it does so for airmail, special-delivery mail, insured mail, registered mail, mail of foreign origin, and parcel post.)

8:33: Our letter thrust into Wall Street pigeonhole.

9:10: Wall Street Station called. Batch containing our letter removed from pigeonhole and placed on moving conveyor belt beneath case.

9:12: Letter reaches end of aisle, is put on tray by assembler, and is carried by conveyor belt to pouching area. There clerk packs mail in sack, affixes Wall Street label to sack, and drops it onto the umptieth conveyor belt, to be taken to a street-level dispatching platform.

9:40: Sack reaches platform and is placed on a rolling hand truck called a nutting truck to await circuit wagon—postal term for the largest truck used by P.O.

10:25: Transportation man loads sack onto circuit wagon, which takes off for Church Street Station, stopping en route at Madison Square Station, Cooper Station, and Knickerbocker Station.

11:50: Circuit wagon reaches Church Street Station. Sack unloaded onto platform and wheeled to opposite side of platform, to be loaded onto another circuit wagon.

1:00 A.M.: Second circuit wagon leaves Church Street Station.

1:30: After stops at Peck Slip and Federal Reserve Stations, wagon arrives at Wall Street Station receiving platform.

1:32: Sack unloaded, shifted to nutting truck, wheeled to freight elevator, carried to third floor.

1:36: Sack brought to table, where it is opened.

1:39: Mail taken out and placed on trays, which are wheeled to distribution cases, where now familiar process gets under way again. There are thirty distribution cases in Wall Street Station, fifteen of which are in use this morning. Each case has forty-eight differently marked pigeonholes—twenty holes for the twenty routes that are served on foot in the Wall Street area and twenty-eight holes for twenty-eight of the biggest Wall Street concerns, of which our broker's firm is one.

2:04: Our letter placed in broker's pigeonhole.

3:22: Letter transferred to broker's sack.

6:00: Messenger from brokerage house arrives to pick up sack.

9:15: Our letter reaches broker's desk.

10:15: Broker telephones to say he has bought us our Green Shoes.

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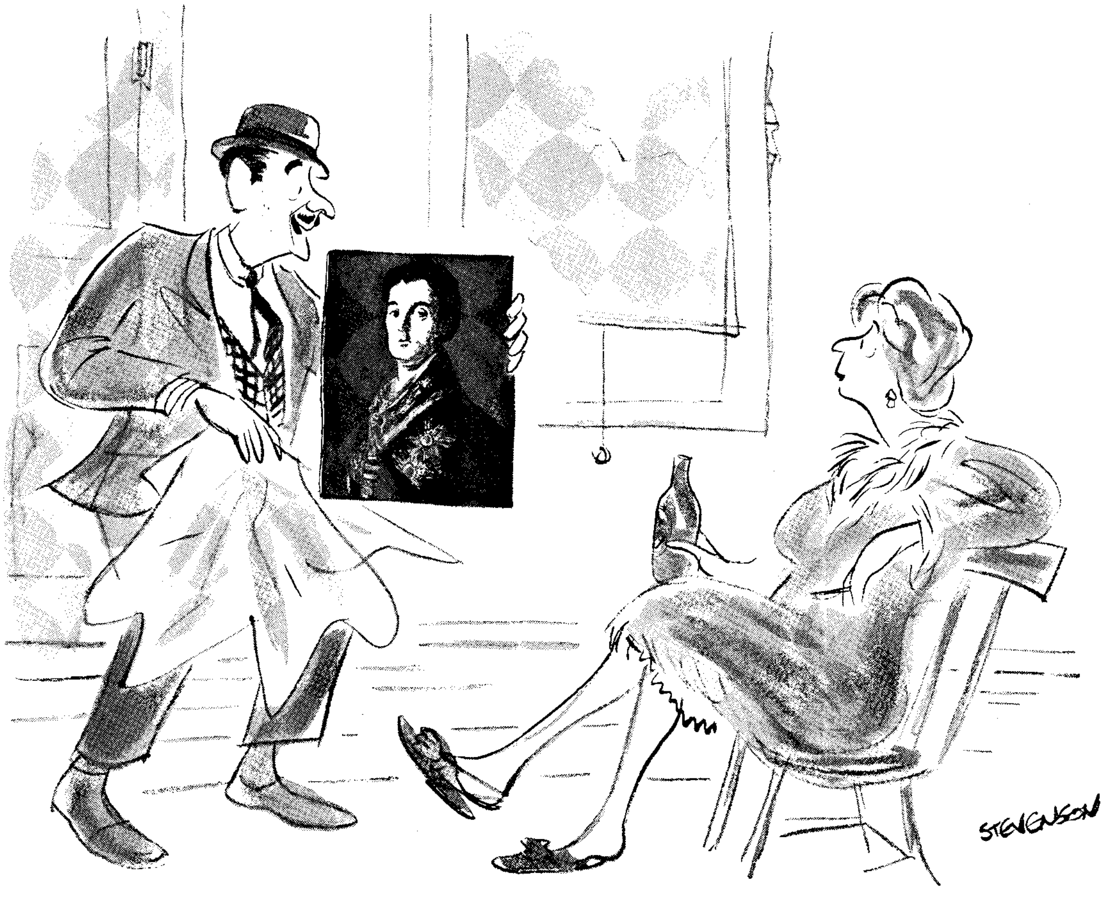
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A Donald Duck comic book published in Greece offers as trading cards pictures of Homeric heroes.

Octopuses

MAYBE backing lost causes keeps a man young. We were prompted to consider this possibility in the course of a talk with our friend Bernard Rudofsky, the Vienna-born architect, designer, author, and inveterate backer of lost causes. The fact is, Mr. Rudofsky has what amounts to a genius for seeking out and championing notions that are absolutely sure to fail, and after nearly a quarter of a century of uninterrupted defeats he looks much younger than his fifty-six years and radiates the invincible, irritated hopefulness of a twenty-year-old. A slight man with gray-green eyes, longish hair, a shortish mustache, and a winning accent, Mr. Rudofsky has just returned to this country after a couple of years of thoughtful dawdling in Japan, Hawaii, and Europe, and is currently serving as

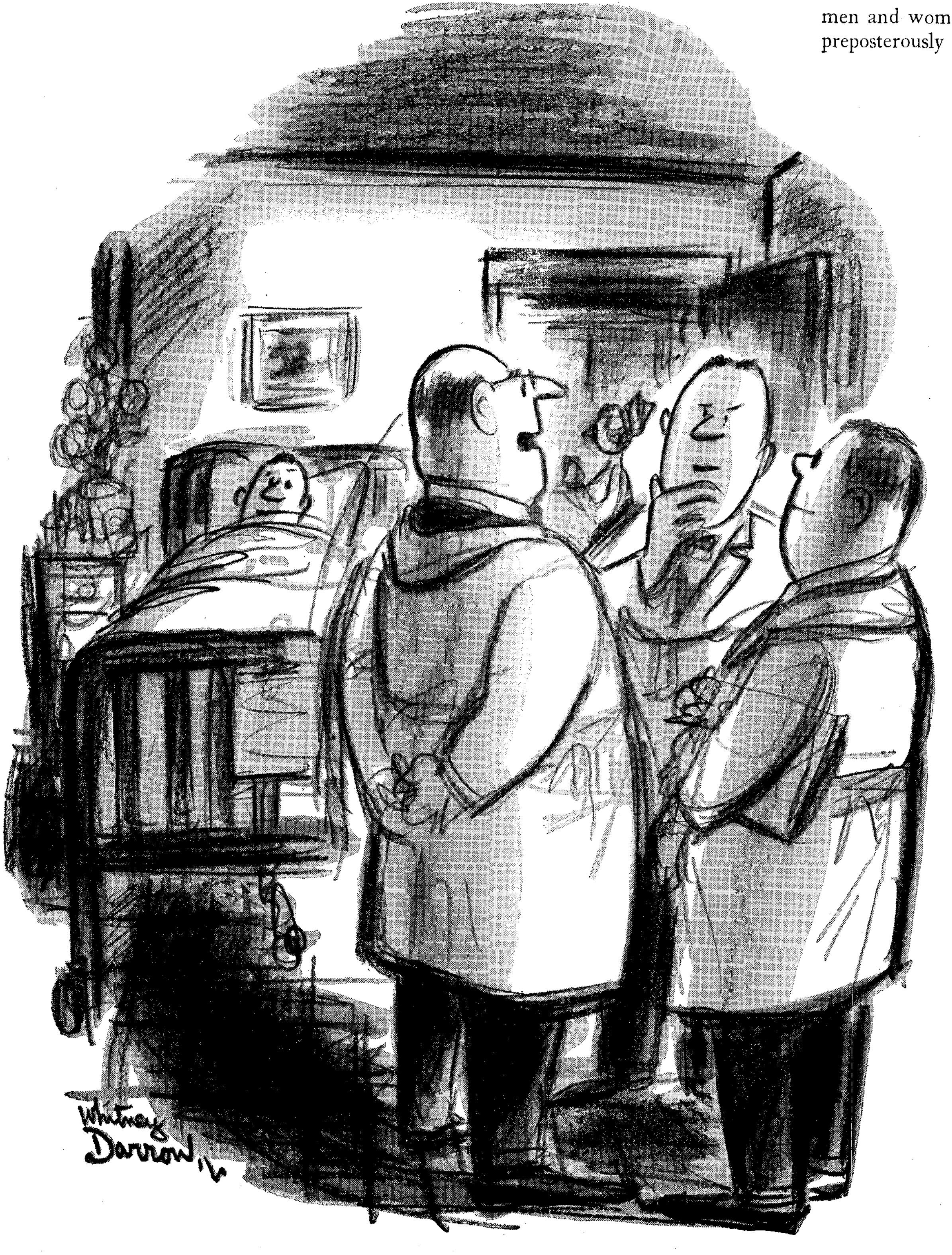


"'Appy birthday, ducky!"

a critic of architecture on the faculties of Yale and M.I.T. We renewed our friendship with him in the Auditorium gallery of the Museum of Modern Art, where, in association with Arthur Drexler, of the Museum staff, he has organized an exhibit bearing the formidably simple title "Roads." (The exhibit will be at the Museum until September 17th, when it will take a hint from itself and start travelling.)

When we first encountered Mr. Rudofsky, a good many years ago, he was busy arranging an exhibit of a different sort at the same museum—an exhibit that was intended as an all-out attack on the idiocy of twentieth-century dress. The Rudofsky thesis was that if one felt obliged to wear clothes at all (he and his wife prefer going naked, and habitually do so *chez eux*), they should have a natural relation to the body they covered, and not merely conceal and/or falsify it. Rudofsky displayed a few samples of such clothing—they were designed by Irene Schawinsky and, as we remember them, had a vaguely Hollywood Grecian look—but they never caught on; the poor fellow had made the mistake of applying reason to an area of human activity that is nearly always deliberately unreasonable. Nothing daunted, Rudofsky chose for his second crusade the even more hopeless problem of shoes, arguing that they should follow the shape of the foot and that the closest approach to ideal footwear was sandals—as it happened, Rudofsky-designed sandals. That crusade failed as well, and the shoes that men and women wear today are more preposterously at odds with their feet than the silliest shoes of ten or fifteen years ago.

The latest Rudofsky crusade, which is, as usual, highly sensible and can therefore be expected to fall flat on its face, has to do with roads—in particular, with the new superhighways and expressways that crisscross the country, which Rudofsky describes as obscenities, to be fought tooth and nail, night and day. "Have you flown back and forth across the country recently, as I have, and noticed the way these great snakes and octopuses are stretching out in every direction, swallowing up our beautiful living landscape?" he asked, evidently with no intention that we should answer. "Why are we pouring these billions of dollars into dead concrete and asphalt at a time when what we really need is schools and hospitals? Why are we sacrificing all these thousands of acres of precious land—land that will never be used, that the cities and towns turn their backs on, and that costs hundreds of millions of dollars to acquire and two billion dollars a year to maintain? Why are our cities cutting themselves into meaningless ribbons for the sake of multi-lane highways that most of their in-


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"What do you think, livingwise?"

habitants never drive on? Los Angeles isn't a city any more, it's a system of highways, and from coast to coast we're becoming a nation of L.A.s. Once upon a time, a road was something on the human scale. Now it's an engineering nightmare, calculated to make its builders rich and leave the ordinary human users of it utterly demoralized."

We tried to put in a good word for the modern superhighway, on the ground that it was at least to be admired for its ingenuity. "No, no, all those cloverleaves and so on are extremely simple," Rudofsky said. "What looks like ingenuity to a layman is merely a multiplication of unimaginative solutions. A stubborn child could do as much. Real ingenuity might be hard to detect. Take the ancients and the way they solved some of their problems. Heavy carts, with wide axles, had to stop at the outskirts of Pompeii, because only narrow-axled chariots could fit between the stepping stones at the street corners inside the city."

What, then, would Rudofsky have us do? "First, stop looking on more and more superhighways as a national goal," he said. "Stop acting as if they were a measure of our civilization, when what they really measure is our politicians' extravagance. Then turn the large-scale transportation of people and goods back to the railroads. In Japan, there are very few major highways at any distance from Tokyo, yet Japan is one of the great industrial nations."

"Surely you're not hinting that the superhighway must go?" we asked, scarcely believing our ears.

"Either it goes or we go," said our born backer of lost causes, looking younger than ever.

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NOTICE observed at the entrance to the chapel of Keble College, Oxford: "The Light of the World Is Not on View Until Further Notice."

What's New?

ON the chance that we might discover something new, if not essential, we paid a visit last week to the National Fancy Food and Confection Show, held in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Astor, and after browsing among the two hundred and thirteen exhibits we are able to mention several things, beginning with chocolate-covered pretzels. These taste very much like pretzels that have been coated with chocolate, and are a triumph of Bachman Bakeries, of Reading, Pennsylvania, which calls itself, according to a sign in its booth, "The Largest Pretzel Company in the World." "That just happens to be the truth," one of the Bachman operatives assured us. "We can produce ten million pretzels a day. Here's something clever," he went on, holding up a pair of beer schooners, one decorated with felt strips arranged to resemble a man's face, the other with strips arranged to resemble a woman's, and each filled with bite-size pretzels. "We call them Bar Mates. Put one at either end of your bar. They're great conversation pieces."

"How come you don't make pretzels without salt?" interrupted a visitor wearing a badge that identified him as a food dealer in Trenton.

"You mean for hospital and dietetic purposes, I presume," said the pretzel authority, switching from history to medicine without a ripple in the conversational flow. "That is a very interesting—you might even say provocative—question."

Our own interest had meanwhile been provoked by the exhibit of the Swiss American Importing Company—a forest of what fancy-food men call gift, or gourmet, boxes, filled with assortments of cheeses, shrimps, smoked fish, and the like. Strewn around the Swiss American premises were such assortments packed not only in the conventional wicker baskets and trays but in more novel receptacles, such as lacquered Chinese cabinets and metal containers shaped like opera hats.

"I think they've gone mad," a lady from Boston said, surveying the scene.

"They've gone madder on the balcony, Madam," a stately-looking man from Baltimore quietly remarked.

We headed for the balcony, stopping en route at the Cathay Food Products booth to have a word with Mr. Pon Y. Yang and look over his Chinese hors d'oeuvres and other delicacies, such as Kropok Pop 'Em Yourself Cocktail Chips, which are imported direct from Chicago. Along the way, we also inspected but, no opportunity being provided, did not taste the chocolates and soups of the Tel Aviv Import Corporation; the biscuits, bubble gum, and Leprechaun Beer of the Irish Export Board; the lemon curd of Scott of Scotland; the Mousse de Foie Gras of the Cresca Company; and the Swedish mussels, Danish salami, and Norwegian caviar of B. Westergaard & Co. The sight of all these dainties having stirred our appetite, we were pleased to be offered, at the exhibit of Jesse R. Pike & Son, samples of both cream-of-watercress soup and *gazpacho*, each served in a paper cup at least as big as a thimble.

Thus fortified, we were able to gain the balcony, where we entered the expansive exhibit of Reese Finer Foods—a shimmering labyrinth of gift boxes, the pièce de résistance being a black steamer trunk that contained, as the literature explained, "a treasure of epicurean delights," including a canned pheasant. The trunk and contents weigh sixty-three pounds and retail for seventy-five dollars, we were informed by Reese's Mr. Ralph Lowenstein, an experienced hand at epicurean delights, who also informed us that Americans spend close to seven hundred million dollars a year on smoked crab legs, truffles, kangaroo-tail soup, and other fancy foods. We told Mr. Lowenstein that we were puzzled by the virtual absence around the ballroom of free samples. "Well, it wouldn't be very practical for us to offer samples of our snails or rooster combs," he said. "Besides, this show is mainly for the trade. These people are interested in the way things taste, yes, but what they say first when they come into this exhibit or any other is 'What's new this year? What's unusual?' That's the thing that's chiefly on their minds."

"What's new? What's unusual?" we asked, as we paused briefly on our way to the exit, of Mr. Edward Weiss, of Paprikás Weiss Importer.

"This home coffee roaster," he replied, displaying what looked like a Colonial bed warmer. "From Austria. Now you can have coffee that's really fresh. Interested in honey? Here it is—direct from Hungary. Dill pickles from Czechoslovakia—one-pound jar, sixty-nine cents. Glance at this glacéed fruit from Switzerland. Did you ever see anything prettier? Why, it's an experience just to look at it."

There was no denying that.

Doubling in Brass

A FRIEND of ours reports a telephone conversation he had recently with the Nigeria Office, at 575 Lexington Avenue. Here's how it ran:

"May I have some information?"

"I'm sorry, the information officer is not in yet."

"Do you have a publications officer, then?"

"Yes, we do."

"May I speak to him?"

"No. He's the information officer."

THE WORST MOMENT OF THE DAY

"THIS is the worst moment of the day," said Daniele.

The table—with the emptied wine flasks, the grapes and figs left in large bowls, the clusters of stained napkins—was like a beach from which the tide had ebbed. Conversation had dwindled until slow afternoon sounds could be heard through shutters striped with heat.

The long room had windows at each end, and on one side opened through double doors into the drawing room. The opposite wall, slate blue, was bare except for two paintings hung together like illuminations on a blank page. They were landscapes painted by Marina some years ago, before she and her brother turned the villa into a *pensione* and her time ceased to be her own. She sat at the head of the table, straight and slender in a faded green dress, red-gold hair falling on her shoulders. Her hands were loosely clasped in her lap, and in her face poetry and reason met without the customary signs of struggle. She turned toward her brother's remark with a faint smile.

As though at a signal, the diners drew themselves together to surmount this worst of moments. Chairs scraped, a glass was knocked over; some inconclusive suggestion was made for a drive down to Florence in the evening.

It was late in the season, and the four guests—an elderly English couple and a young one—stood around the table as singly as the surviving fruits lay in the china dishes. Old Mr. Fenwick, who had been at the villa just a week, pushed his chair back into place and crossed to the windows. Unlatching one of the shutters, he peered into the garden, and only his wife's going over to join him suppressed his daily utterance concerning a brisk walk. There was something of fearful symmetry about the Fenwicks, he slim and inflexible, she plump and stately. It was their first journey to Italy, and they had been gratified to find so many forebodings justified.

Through the slit that now parted the shutters, the old man stared despondently at the day. The scene, it was true, was of dimensions comparable to those of his own land—in fact, he had made the comparison all too frequently, as though Tuscany were remarkable only for this similarity—but then there was that sky. He had never experienced such a sky. In England, where heaven is a low-hung, personal affair, thoroughly identified with the King James Version, a sky such as this would not have been tolerated for a moment. It was a high, pagan explosion of a sky, promising indulgence for all kinds of offenses to which he had not the slightest inclination. He felt, beneath it, exposed and ridiculed. And the light, too—a light that not only illuminated but was an element in itself, as distinct as rain . . . He would go and read in his room, after all, for he realized that the brisk walk, if taken, would be somehow impeded by that dazzling light.

The younger couple, the Stapletons, lingered at the table, folding their napkins. The Stapletons had spent other summers at the villa, but this year, for the first time, they had brought with them some unconfided anxiety of their London life. Francis, a fair man with a sensitive and orderly manner, contrived to conceal his present unhappiness—or at least to give it a reasonable, disciplined air that made it socially presentable. But his wife, Harriet, carried her part of their suffering publicly, and in return received, unfairly, a greater deference.

Marina had begun to stack the dishes for the maids, who had their lunch at this hour. "*Vai riposarti, cara*," she told Harriet, drawing the napkin out of her hand.

After a moment, Harriet did go—but not, immediately, to rest. She disappeared into the drawing room, and they heard the opening creak of the side door and the thud of its closing. Francis was helping Marina to clear the table, walking around it to bring her the littered fruit plates. It was a relief to him to be here, in this cool room, doing automatic tasks, but he knew that in a moment he must go and look for his wife. He took a tray from the sideboard and arranged on it the glasses gathered together by Marina. Marina, who seemed to know everything—and he found it rather shocking that with her secluded life she should know so much—stood silent, pushing the grape seeds onto one large dish with a knife and making a pile of the stained plates beside her, but he felt soothed and understood, as if she had said something to console him. He dropped the napkins into their basket and, with a murmured excuse, left the room.

In the drawing room, he recovered his book and reading glasses—placed on the table when the lunch bell rang—and opened one of the shuttered doors into the garden. The door was weighted with the heat that met him as he stepped outside; it fell heavily back into place behind him. It annoyed him that Harriet should go out at a time when all other people—all of Italy—rested; annoyed him that he was unable to turn his annoyance into anything but concern, for real anger might have alleviated his misery. He made his way around to the front of the house, his mind presenting his predicament to him in words so simple that they might, but for the context, have been uttered by a child: "She does not love me any more."

Then, "She loves someone else." But if that was so, why were they here, together, trying to make things work again? He brushed with his shoulder the dying fronds of wisteria at the corner of the house, and stood in the wall's shadow, looking for Harriet.

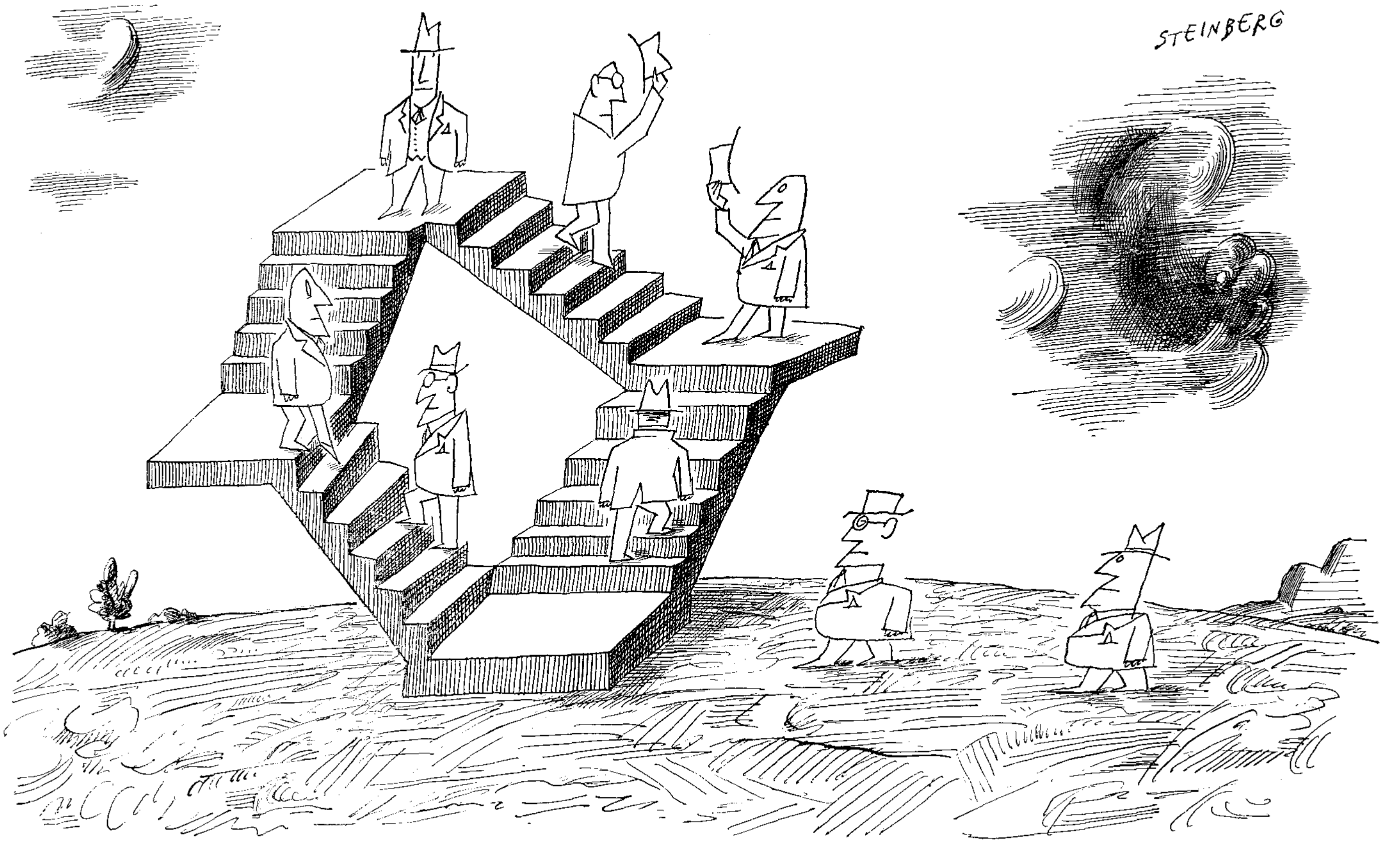
In front of the house was a formal garden, and from this a crescent of graded steps descended to an avenue of ilex. The short avenue was never used now, the house having been connected with the road by a separate, gravelled drive that led to the kitchen door. The trees, which needed trimming, met overhead and stood deep in weeds and wild flowers. Throughout the day, hens wandered into the avenue and picked among the straggling grass and made their way haltingly up the steps to stare into the ordered garden. From time to time, on the road below, a car passed, going toward Florence, and country sounds reached the house from the surrounding slopes.

Harriet sat now on the lowest of the arc of steps, her back curved in the sun, her face pressed into her arms, which were folded on her drawn-up knees. The sleeves of her pink blouse had been rolled up, and her skin was moist with heat. Her cotton skirt was carelessly bunched under her. She was motionless, not even roused by the hens rustling near her feet.

Her attitude was so abject, so forlorn, that Francis, at the top of the steps, stood quite still before he called her name. "Harriet."

The face she raised to him, however, was smooth and preoccupied, only creased above the eyes by the pressure of a bracelet. He came slowly down, dropping from step to step, and sat just above her, his knee touching her shoulder. She put no weight on him. After a moment, she resumed her former position without speaking.

He opened his book at the beginning and shaded the print with his hand. He



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had had a shock, coming upon her like that. And her calm uplifted face had not reassured him—because what was shocking, he thought as he turned the first page, was that it had seemed perfectly plausible that she, who had been chattering pleasantly enough at the lunch table a few minutes before, might have come out here and thrown herself down in this abandoned attitude in real anguish. It would have been terrible to find her so, but not surprising; people in general, and he and she in particular, were so separate that anything was possible. That knowledge moved him to press his knee once more against her bent shoulder. Feeling, perhaps, that some response was required of her, she turned her cheek toward him, her eyes closed.

"Hens are ghastly," she observed. And then, "Read me something."

He read aloud the lines he had just reached:

"*. . . Ferme les portes*
Il est plus facile de mourir que d'aimer."

"Heavens," she said, and turned her face back into her arms.

He closed the book and put it on the stone step beside him. He looked down at her huddled body and dark, shaggy head, her brown arms and exposed knees, the tail of her blouse, which had come out of her skirt. He parted the hair on her neck and laid his hand there. "Come inside," he said. "We can't stay out in this heat."

She tilted her head once more. "In a moment," she replied.

"No," he insisted. "Really. It's the worst part of the day."

"In a moment," she repeated, wishing he would take his hand, which had become quite damp, off her neck. One can't ask to be left alone, she thought, or not to be touched, even once in a great while, without creating a scene—without changing everything. Do we have anything in common at all, she wondered—almost idly, because the sun had drained her. Will we manage it? Sometimes it is all right. But not today.

She sat up straight, thrusting her hair back from her forehead. He rose and helped her to her feet. She brushed at her skirt and made a perfunctory effort to push her blouse back in at the waist. They went up the steps together.

The hallway was cool and darkened and smelled strongly of the carnations that stood, white and red, in a big ceramic jar on the marble table. The stairs, which were of white stone, projected from a wall of colossal depth, so that, climbing them, one imagined oneself scaling a cliff. The house had been intended for pleasure, and perhaps that was why it was built like a fortress.

The Stapletons' room also was in darkness, for the maids had closed the shutters throughout the house. When Harriet opened them, it seemed that heat, no less than light, filled the room, igniting the red stone tiles, the pale walls, the two narrow white beds and their ornaments of brass. Below the window, as she looked down, a garden enclosed by a tall hedge of ilex was brilliant, too, a square of oleander, phlox, and petunias. Descending softly from the house, the country rose again into a freshly plowed hillside and a skyline black-pencilled with cypresses.

She lay down on her bed. Francis came and sat beside her on the edge of the bed, filling her vision. She moved her head toward him on the pillow without rising, like a sick person. She had spoiled his tranquil, costly summer. Too much was wrong between them for these fine days to be enjoyed, or this idyllic place. They did not blame each other, having been educated since the days when faults could be attributed; nevertheless, it seemed that the sense of grievance was very strong. It was the worst moment of the day—an inarticulate exchange of pain. She could not speak yet, or make promises, and in any case the reassurances she could give were too meagre to offer. Detached, she pitied him, too, and saw that she had never been more dear than now, when she lay there excluding him with her indifference and her look of displeasure. On her knee, his fingers became points of heat through the light cotton skirt.

"All right?" he asked, helplessly.

"I thought I might sleep."

"Shall we go down to town before dinner?"

"See how we feel. After I've rested, I may take a walk." And, to forestall him, "I'll be back in time to go in to town."

He rose and pulled one of the shutters, so that her face was shielded from sunlight. With indignation and longing, he felt disqualified from kissing her as he turned to leave. It was almost as if he did not dare to.

"If I were you," she said, elaborating their estrangement, "if I were you, I should have a look at the car before we go."

Pondering the discomfort of having hurt her husband and the relief afforded by his departure, Harriet folded her hands across her breast. Somewhere, one of the maids was ironing, her soft singing accompanied by the thump and clash of the iron. Down at the road, a dog and a scooter barked together through the roar of a truck climbing the hill; a woman called; a child cried out.

Harriet stared at the ceiling, the physical displacement of her sorrow expanding within her—difficulty of respiration, and an aching in ears and eyes. She wondered if this were, after all, the worst moment of the day, and thought of the scene in the kitchen every morning when the letters came. (It was the butcher who brought the mail from Florence once a day; his small gray delivery car trundled up the drive about eleven o'clock. Occasionally he was late. There was talk with the maids before the bundle was laid down, with the day's meat, on the kitchen table, and there were papers, circulars, letters to be turned over before Harriet could be sure that there was nothing for her. Sometimes there was an envelope with an English stamp, and for a moment anxiety would be replaced by apprehension—for what could now be written that she might want to read?)

She knew she must not weep, and she watched the ceiling with the same impassive face and dry eyes she had turned to her husband in the garden. It seemed to her that the tears were flowing inside her head.

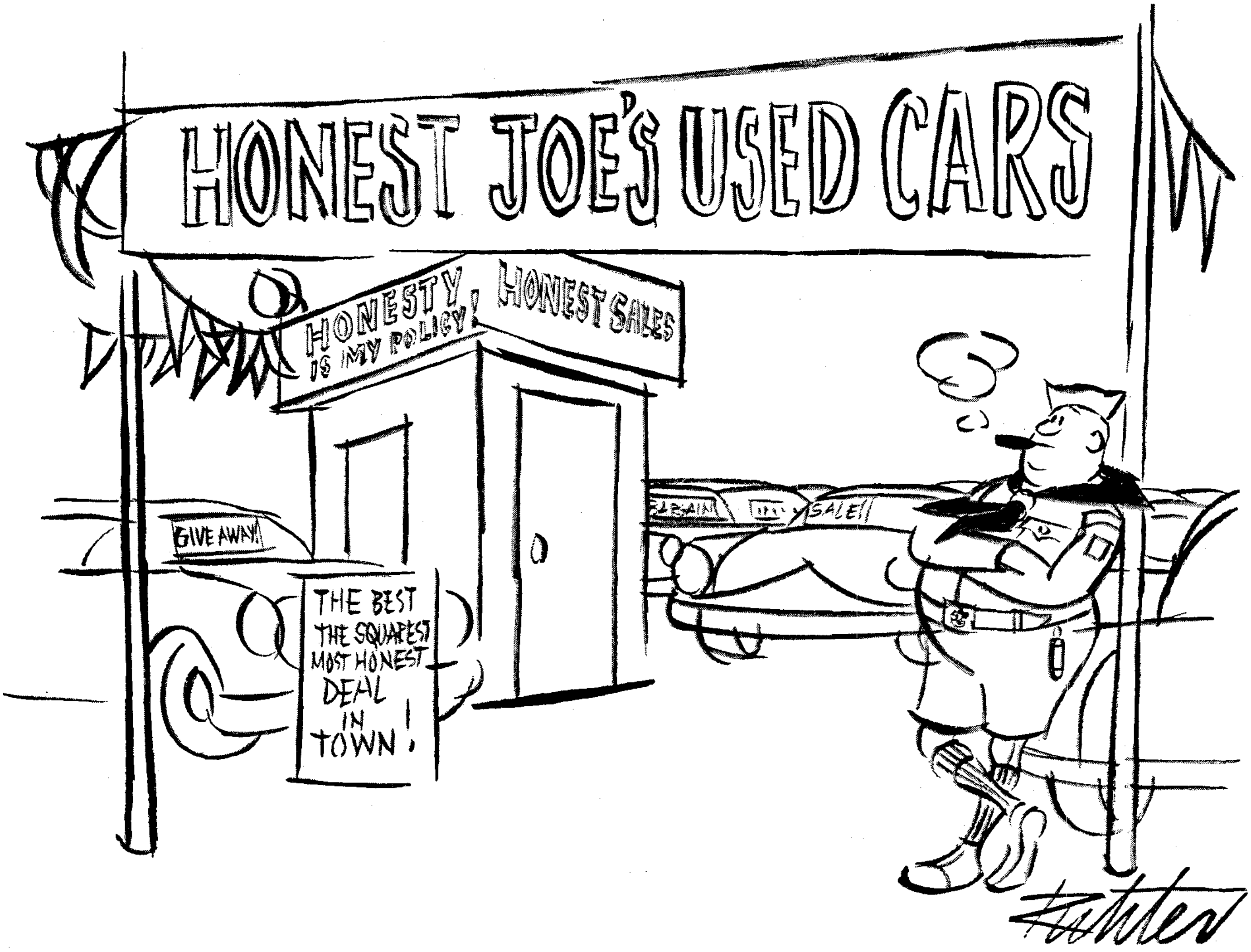
The wheel of her mind turned laboriously on a familiar route, as though a required number of revolutions might set it in easy motion. The ray of sunlight lay flat on the farthest wall, patterned by the vines about the window frame. The house at this hour became a well of greenish light filtered through the color of its shutters. From time to time, a cicada droned from the garden, pressing upon the silence a weight that seemed to seal it completely. The afternoon swung Harriet, immobilized, between sleeping and waking, and slowly closed on the distraction of pain.

When Francis came downstairs, he found Marina preparing to go into the garden.

"It's all right," she told him, lifting her hand a little to check his protest. "I'm going to tie up one or two plants and come straight back." There had been a storm the night before.

He followed her into the garden, feeling rather like a child with whom other children will not play, and who is allowed, for that reason, to trail about after the grownups.

Marina put her implements down by a bed of dahlias and drew on a pair of blackened gardening gloves. She knelt to examine the fallen plants, and after a moment looked up at Francis, shielding her eyes from the sun with her gloved hand. "The sticks," she said. "Would


HONEST JOE'S USED CARS
HONESTY IS MY POLICY!
HONEST SALES
GIVE AWAY!
THE BEST THE SQUAREST MOST HONEST DEAL IN TOWN!
BARGAIN
SALE!
Richter

"*Still, it's nice to know that you're wanted.*"

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you mind? In the shed at the back of the house. But not the short ones," she called as he turned away. "The long ones, in the corner near the door."

Francis walked down the path, the sun pressing on his head and shoulders. The dim shed, smelling of earth and fertilizers, was cool after the garden. In the corner near the door were a hoe, a rake, a stack of pots, and an encrusted trowel. The only sticks he could find, on a shelf, were too short for Marina's purpose, but after a hasty search in the half darkness he took them back into the garden.

Marina did not hear him return, and he stood looking at her as she bent over the plants. All her actions were complete and reassuring, all her attitudes graceful and yielding. As she worked, she watched her own hands with a reflective smile, and her hair fell forward across her cheek and swung with the movements of her arms. It occurred to Francis that he had never been so close to beauty. His need for deliverance, for human comfort, was so great that for a moment he thought he had actually taken Marina in his arms, and could feel under his fingers the worn material of her dress and the delicate bones of her shoulders.

"Oh, Marina." He fell on his knees beside her, his hands still full of the sticks from the shed. "Marina."

She looked up abruptly. Kneeling, they stared at each other.

His eyes dazzled. He lifted his closed hands. "I could only find the small sticks."

She was very pale. For an instant, he could imagine how she might look if she were ever to lose her composure.

She sat back on her heels. "They must be there," she said. "I'll go and look." She got up and left him on his knees on the grass, his hands extended and full of short, blunt sticks.

MR. FENWICK, at his window, was relieved to see the young man get up and come inside; the sun was downright dangerous. Surely the summer should be over by now, even here, he expostulated to himself. He would have expostulated to Mrs. Fenwick, but a deep, regular breathing from the bed promised him little response. She had taken off her shoes and lain down to sleep, with a scented handkerchief on her forehead, as soon as they came upstairs from lunch. But Mr. Fenwick maintained, at the window, something approaching a vigil, holding his book (Trollope: "Phineas Finn") firmly on his knee. Someone must, after all, keep their wits about them.

WHEN he saw Francis leave the garden, Daniele closed and latched his shutters and sat down in an armchair. He propped his feet on the end of the bed and laid his open book (Ausonius: "Mosella") upside down in his lap. Marina asks for this, he told himself—invites confidences, implies sympathy, and then isn't prepared to go through with it. She is as incapable of living, of truly living, as I, he conceded—with a suggestion of high praise. She likes to preside serenely over the emotions of others, but she doesn't care to participate. And those who do participate seem shrill or untidy by comparison.

This wave of resentment, subsiding, was replaced by an image, as true as if he had risen to confirm it from the window, of Marina alone in the garden in the heat, patiently restoring the dahlias.

Still, he continued to himself (effortlessly, because he considered these things almost every afternoon), we *are* unreal. We shall never do anything now except go on here, feeling the extent of our losses. We've been obsolete since . . . (Here he left in his mind the row of dots that stood for Fascism, the war, debts, the last illness of his father, the death of Marina's husband, who had had a heart attack in 1949 while hanging a painting in his house in Milan—matters now too familiar to cause pain or merit reiteration.)

On the other hand, he concluded, Harriet and Francis—exasperating as they may be at the moment—are *real.* He pictured Harriet intrepidly hailing a London bus or standing in a crowded room with a glass in her hand. (He himself never entered a shop or made a new acquaintance without reluctance and apprehension.) And there was something admirable about being close enough to love to be able to quarrel over it. The thought of Harriet, now, lying tormented on her bed—crying, possibly—because of love, filled him with wonder and envy.

He turned his book over and switched on the lamp at his side.

LYING on her back with her eyes closed, Harriet reached out her arm for the little travelling clock, lifted it onto her chest, and held it there, too sleepy to look at it. It rose and fell on her breastbone for a few moments, and then tumbled forward with a glassy slap.

Raising the clock before her face, she

THE ASPEN AND THE STREAM

THE ASPEN:

Beholding element, in whose pure eye
My boughs upon a ground of heaven lie—
O deep surrendered mind, where cloud and stone
Compose their beings and efface your own,
Teach me, like you, to drink creation whole
And, casting out my self, become a soul.

THE STREAM:

Why should the water drink,
Blithering little tree?
Think what you choose to think,
But lisp no more at me.

I seek an empty mind.
Reflection is my curse.
Oh, never have I been blind
To the damned universe,

Save when I rose in flood
And in my lathered flight
So fouled myself with mud
As to be purged of sight.

THE ASPEN:

Your water livens me, but not your word,
If what you spoke was what I thought I heard.
But likely I mistook you. What with the claims
Of crow and cricket teaching me their names,
And all this lilt and shifting in my head,
I must have lost the drift of what you said.

THE STREAM:

There may be rocks ahead
Where, shivered into smoke
And brawling in my bed,
I'll shred this gaudy cloak;

Then, dodging down a trough
Into a rocky hole,
I'll shake the daylight off
And repossess my soul

In blackness and in fall,
Where self to self shall roar
Till, deaf and blind to all,
I shall be self no more.

THE ASPEN:

Out of your sullen flux I shall distill
A gayer spirit and a clambering will,
And reach toward all about me, and ensnare
With roots the earth, with branches all the air—
Even if that blind groping but achieves
A darker head, a few more aspen leaves.

—RICHARD WILBUR

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opened her eyes. "Five past four," she announced. She put the clock back on the table and looked about the room. On the wall, the sunlight seemed less certain now, the design of leaves a little blurred. "Yes?" she called, in answer to a knock on her door.

Marina came into the room and leaned on the high brass rail at the end of the bed. Harriet once again had the sensation of being treated as an invalid, and sat up, cross-legged, smoothing her skirt over her knees. "You've changed your dress," she said.

"I got muddy from gardening," Marina explained.

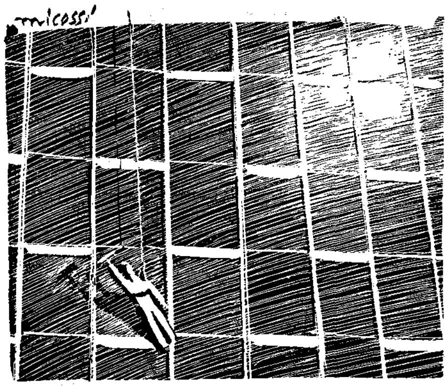
"You shouldn't have gone out in the sun," Harriet said, with satisfaction.

"It did me no harm. Did you sleep? I came to ask if you would come down for tea." Tea, unexpectedly, was always precisely that—thin, hot tea in chipped cups, uncompromised by cakes or biscuits.

"Is it really time for tea?" Harriet glanced again at the clock. "I thought the afternoon would never end. Didn't you?"

Marina straightened her back and smiled. "Every afternoon of the summer, I have serious doubts of the evening," she said. "No amount of repetition reassures me." She released the brass bar of the bed. "I must go and see if Daniele wants tea."

Harriet lowered a foot to the floor, feeling for her sandals, and promised to come downstairs. But as the door closed, she crossed the room and, resting her hands on the window sill, looked again into the garden. The light was the easier light of late afternoon. Farther along the wall, between the columns of the loggia, geraniums were fluttered by a faint breeze. On a nearby hill, a bell was rung—an unmelodious, useful country bell. Two little barefoot girls in faded pink dresses and straw hats were carrying to the kitchen a basket of zucchini for the evening meal. Each held a handle, and the tilting basket was covered by the golden flowers of the plant; these would be fried tomorrow for the lunch table.

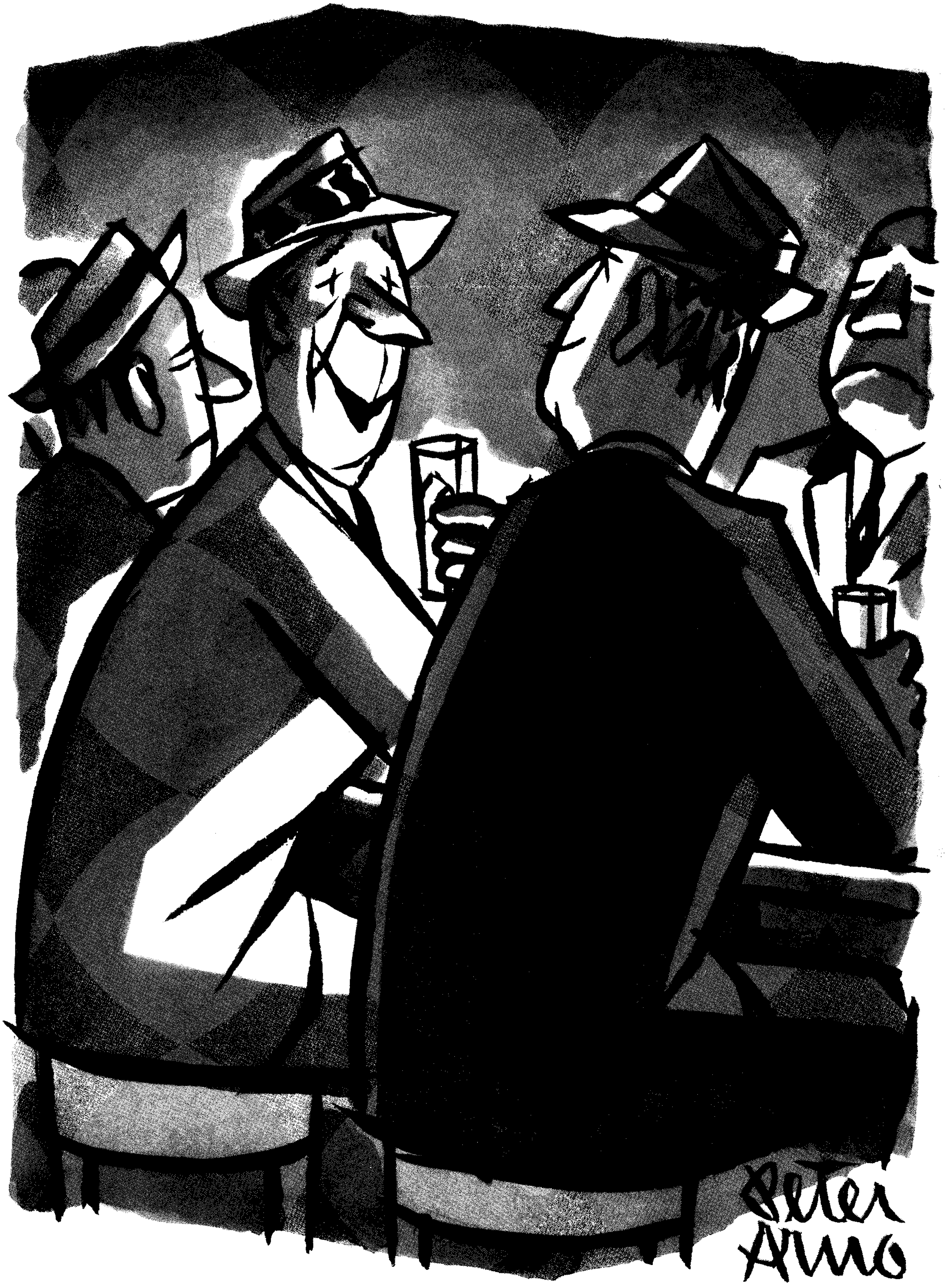


Harriet turned to the mirror, where a face glimmered in the glass, shadowed by tousled hair. She would go and look for Francis, with some atoning suggestion for a walk together. Oppressed by obligation, she leaned her elbows on the bureau and heard him calling her somewhere in the house. Inaudibly and mechanically, she answered him. "Yes, dear."

The endearment was disconcertingly sharp, but she looked again into the glass and, as his steps drew near, slowly began to comb her hair.

MRS. FENWICK stirred, lifted the handkerchief from her brow, and wondered where she was. At the window, the pages of "Phineas Finn" slipping under his fingers, Mr. Fenwick closed his eyes and slept.

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD



"This is the part of the afternoon I like—too late to go back to the office, too early to go home."

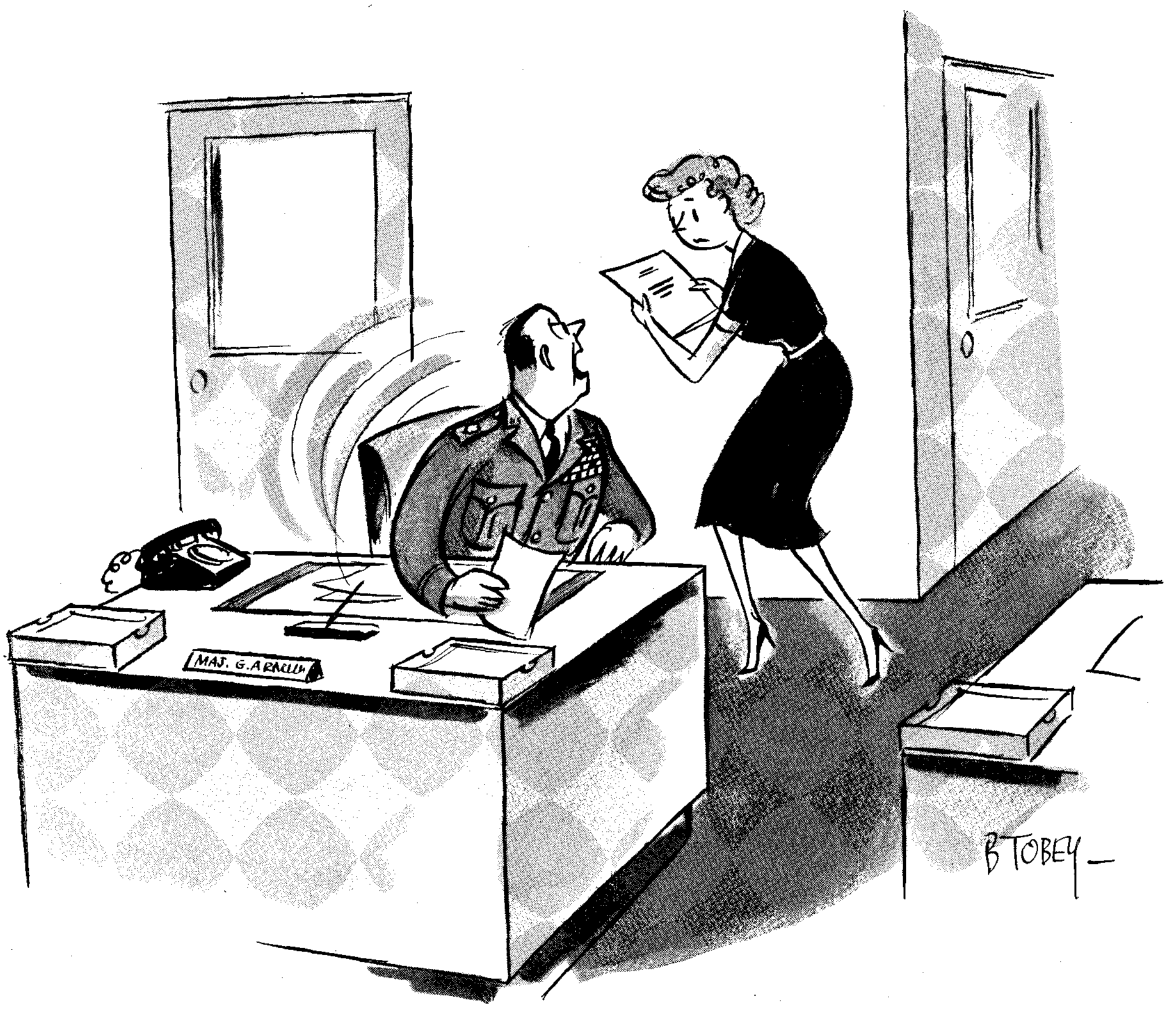
THE WILD HEIFERS

I THINK it happened in early September of the summer I was fourteen, which would make it 1943. I remember that it was during the war. Anson, the hired man who had hayed with us all that summer on my grandfather's farm in New Hampshire, had been lured away a week before by his cousin Louis. Ensilage crews were paying big money in Grafton, and Louis would cash Anson's checks for him. Only my grandfather and I were left to catch the heifers, now that the haying was done. My grandfather always put his two heifers out to pasture in the spring, on a lot about five miles from the house, and he visited them once a week to salt them, grain them, and see that they had water. This summer, the heifers broke out of their own pasture in early June, and my grandfather had been unable to approach them with his bags of salt and grain. We heard about them as they appeared all over the country. My grandfather had hoped that some piece of luck would box them up again—that they would wander into somebody's barn one night and poke their heads into some empty stalls, or even blunder back to their own pasture. Heifers had gone wild before, and he wasn't going to let it worry him.

In September, the hay was in, and the talk I overheard at Henry Powers' post office and store was of harvest and frost. Now it was the week I would leave the farm, where I always spent the summer with my grandparents, to go back to Hamden, Connecticut, and school. I hated school and I had already begun to be homesick for the summer. We lingered one night in the kitchen while I had a glass of milk and my grandfather a bowl of bread and milk and my grandmother a glass of Moxie before going to bed. The kitchen floor was bare and gray, unpainted and unwaxed. I stared at it and listened to the liquid sounds we made. My grandfather told a story about some young cattle of John Peabody's that had stayed out all winter. People had seen them in February, with icicles hanging from their nostrils and ice shining from their leather sides, but blowing forth in white steam a proof of life. In April, when the snow melted, John had had to shoot them like deer and use the carcasses for meat and shoes. I knew that the next day we would hike to catch our heifers.

After the morning chores, we ate lunch at eleven-thirty and started down the macadam toward Jacob Buck's wood lot, where we had heard the heifers reported three days earlier. It was a two-mile walk. I tried to remember not to let my legs stride too fast, since my grandfather sometimes felt a pain in his side when he was winded. Few cars were on the road that summer, compared to the numbers in years before or since, but that noon a convoy of Army trucks loaded with soldiers kept us single file on the edge of the ditch. We stayed close, his legs nearly cutting under mine, so that we could talk.

The day had begun warm, end-of-summer, dry with the energy of September, but now the sky to the west had turned gray. The wind shifted, and I turned to look at my grandfather. He nodded. "I fear it will rain on us before we're done," he said. "I reckon we can stand a little wet, if we're leading the heifers home." I knew what would come next. Rain or the lost heifers would bring to his mind and his tongue some anecdote of the past, and he would recount it to me. I don't remember what it was this time. His memory and his curiosity were great, and the two kept his voice lively with stories out of his youth and early manhood. We could have walked ten years without his breaking the links of anecdote or repeating a single story. When we were haying, I would try to pitch on while he loaded, so that his breath could be saved for talk. At night, while he was milking in the tieup, he would tell stories or recite long poems that he had memorized years before to speak as pieces at the Lyceum, where the farm people of his youth had entertained each other with debates and dramatic performances. His stories were various, and anything might recall them. Walking along a road, he might point out a cellar hole, or distinguish for me in the distance a particular hill, covered with maple now, which



"I don't care if it is top secret! That damned tiptoeing makes me nervous!"

his father had cultivated; the recognition would start him on the track of a character or an event. Usually his stories were funny, but they were not jokes. He never began, "There was a man who . . ." but "Once, Herbert Perkins . . ."

I remember once we were talking about droughts, and I heard the snorting laugh that told me he had remembered a story. "Did I ever tell you," he said, "what Ben Bluitt said to the Reverend Everrill over in Wilmot Flat?" I shook my head and waited. "Old Ben never amounted to much. When I knew him, he was back from the Spanish war twenty years. He did odd jobs and took care of his granddaughter. She ran away with the lumberman who lost his nose in the sawmill, or so he said, you remember. He drank quite a bit then—beer and rum—but, my, he was quick with an answer. I must have told you a hundred things he said. Well, one summer there was a terrible drought over to Wilmot Flat—here, too—and Ben was fixing some shingles that had come loose on the church. It was going to take him two weeks—a slow worker—and he would get four dollars and a quarter from the Reverend Everrill, but there wasn't probably much else for Ben to be doing just then. Now, the Reverend Everrill was a good man—good, but not a working preacher like Elder Morrill—and a womanish kind of fellow, too. He wouldn't work six days in the field and then preach four hours a Sunday. Men didn't take to him much. They said he was happiest when The King's Daughters asked him to come to a circle. He walked past Ben five or six times a day, walking to and from the parsonage, with Ben squatting on the roof of the church in the sun, and every time he'd pass by he'd say 'My' "—and here my grandfather's voice became a falsetto—" 'Mr. Bluitt, have you ever seen such a dry time?' Old Ben never said anything at all, except one afternoon when the old preacher came by one time too many. He said up at Ben, 'My, Mr. Bluitt, have you ever seen such a dry time?,' and Ben looked down at him and said, 'Never in my life, Reverend Everrill' "—my grandfather's voice was low and solemn—" 'This morning we had to soak the old sow before she'd hold swill.' " Grandfather's voice expired in laughter, and I joined him. "And he never did ask old Ben any more about the dry time," he said.

On the day of the heifers, we walked past the sap house and the fallen-in shop—old outbuildings from the more prosperous past. Part of a lathe stood up among the clutter of broken tools and rotten wood. Farther on, we passed the washed-out bottom of New Canada Road, which trailed up Ragged Mountain to a community of cellar holes and stone doorsteps. Three hundred yards farther was the red cottage, its shingles prying loose from the ravages of ivy, in which my great-uncle, the Reverend Luther Keneston, had lived until his death, the year before. Ahead of us on the right we saw the tumbling house and barn of Ned Masters, my grandfather's old friend. On the other side of the road, half a mile farther, we could see the white clapboard of Jacob Buck's house, but we would come to the wood lot before we had walked that far.

I saw a figure moving toward us in the distance, walking in the dirt on the other side of the road. There were no tramps on the road in 1943, and though I sometimes played at imagining that the ditches were full of German prisoners escaped from Canada, this time I knew who it was. Jacob Buck's son Robert was the only boy of my age within two miles, and between us had grown a fiction of friendship from our births, when our mothers had started it. Robert was perfectly all right by me, and we never fought, but I liked books and the country, and he liked automobiles and the city. We hadn't much to say to each other. I knew that on an afternoon when he didn't farm for his father, who was the R.F.D. man and only a part-time farmer, he would often walk four miles to McLeod's, the nearest garage, to watch the mechanic work on a car. I guessed that this afternoon was one of his holidays. School would start soon for him, too. My grandfather recognized him when he drew nearer, and said to me, "Why, here's Robert. Isn't it nice that you can say a word to him?," for he acquiesced in the fiction.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi," said Robert.

"We're out to catch the heifers," I said.

"Need any help?" he said, and looked uneasy.

"No, Robert," said my grandfather. "You go on down to McLeod's. We're enough to handle it."

"What have you been doing lately?" I said.

"Haying," said Robert.

He said no more, and I could think of nothing at all to say. Then Robert thought of a day two years past when the Boley twins had still lived in South Danbury and Billy Cutler had come down from Potter Place and the five of us had batted a ball in a pasture one hot afternoon. "It's too bad the Boleys moved away," he said, "or we could play some more baseball."

"I wish we could, too," I said. "Maybe sometime we can play catch, anyway."

"Yes," said my grandfather. "You come up, Robert, and you boys can play. Tomorrow, maybe."

"I will," said Robert, and he shifted his feet toward McLeod's Garage. "I guess I'll get on."

"Goodbye," we said. We walked on

"It's coming! It's coming! I can hear the chugging and puffing and wheezing of steam."

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until we came to the wood lot. "It's too bad," my grandfather said, "that you and Robert don't see more of each other."

"Yes," I said.

Then we struck off the blacktop onto a lumber road, barely visible now, fifteen years after the cutting, which led into a lot of good new pine. Needles had filled the ruts, and small pines and occasional miniature maples grew in the old track. I wondered where to start looking, and watched my grandfather to see what he did. "We're trackers today," he said. "Where would you go if you wanted to pick up tracks?"

I always tried to please him by knowing something I couldn't have picked up in Hamden. "Water," I said. "They'd go for water."

He took off his cap and brushed gnats away from his neck with it. "That's right. There's usually only the creek, but I wouldn't swear there wasn't a dozen creeks now, with all this plaguy damp."

After a hundred yards, we came into a large, oval clearing. I couldn't imagine why the pine had chosen not to grow there; the blank was like a birthmark. Underfoot were long yellow strands of hay and unmoved field stones. "It's over there," he said, "down the slope."

I looked, and at the edge of the clearing, just before the pines began again, the grass showed a bright green. I moved toward it and saw a steep bank with pine growing out of it and the big creek at the bottom. "Shall we go down?" I said.

"Go ahead," he said.

The bank was deep with needles. I slipped down in a hurry, slowing my slide by grabbing at branches and stopping my feet on stumps. He followed more slowly. When he reached me, he said, "Talk low. They'll run when they hear us." A big bird clambered up across the creek, and I jumped as if a heifer had landed on my back. My grandfather laughed quietly. Trees along the edges were growing out of the water. The creek was full and moving fast in the middle. The old man shook his head. "I thought that one of us could cross over and look for fresh tracks across the way, but that'll be hard. Suppose you climb up to the rim and walk along the edge, while I look around down here. You know a cow's mark from a deer's, don't you?" I thought I did, and started to pull myself up the wall of needles, but a hiss from my grandfather brought me back. "Come here," he whispered. He was pointing at the ground. I looked down and saw the heifers' tracks. "They've been here, all right." He was grinning. "We'll find them, though I don't believe this is today's print."

I dug back into the bank, hands and feet tugging at the matting. In a moment or two, I made it to the top, out of breath both from the climbing and from the excitement of chasing two young cows. The air was chilly now, chillier than it had been. Wind turned up the wrong sides of the few gray birch leaves. I stumbled on hidden stones. Here and there, the quick purple of a thistle showed against the sparse grass, both soon to die under the wet weight of snow. On the far side, the pine was black. The trunks were bald and slim for many feet, and then high up there was the sudden detonation of needled branches. At their roots, like blankets over cold ankles, was a bright density of ferns.

I walked slowly at the edge of the clearing, for I knew that my grandfather would make a slow journey of it along the creek. At my feet, the tangle of weeds and field stones had slowed me down, and I looked at the ground to avoid the frequent holes that some creature had been digging. I wondered what my grandfather would tell me when I asked him what had mined the clearing. Then the brown furry shape of a woodchuck blurred across my path. It moved so swiftly that it was down a hole before I could turn my head to follow it. When I did turn, I was looking toward the pine on the other side of the clearing again, and I saw something so unexpected that for a moment I did not react. A young pine sent out a low branch, and under it—boxed by its green line and the green of the ferns underneath—were the heads of two heifers.

We three stood and stared with a kind of intimacy, none of us moving. When I began to think again, it was of how I could call to my grandfather without upsetting the heifers. I moved backward, slowly, trying to move only from the knees down. They shifted. I turned and ran. I stumbled a short way down the bank and came up against a tree. I heard a great thrashing and crashing back above. "Gramp!" I shouted. "They're up here!" I pulled myself quickly up to the clearing again. The frame had emptied, and I could hear the bustle of the big heifers in the

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CLOWN'S
DRESSING
ROOM

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pines. In a minute, I heard a smaller noise behind, and my grandfather was striding up to me. He was panting, which bothered me, but we crossed the clearing toward the low pine, and we walked fast. Deep scuffs in the needles showed where the animals had swung around to gallop away. We didn't need to track them. We could follow by sound as they floundered ahead of us, knocking against the low, dead branches. My grandfather and I did not speak. After a hundred yards, the noise ahead grew less frantic. The heifers had slowed down.

As far as I could tell, we were walking parallel to the road, back in the direction from which we had come. Since we didn't try to drive the heifers this way or that, it must have been the way my grandfather wanted them to travel. We walked as long as five minutes without speaking, both to save my grandfather's breath and to avoid frightening the animals ahead of us. It was hard, slow walking, although the trail was broken for us. I scratched my face and hands. We crossed two old lumber roads, but we found no sort of path that went in our direction.

The air that we walked in was growing heavier with damp, and it made the sweat run off my face. "We'll catch them," I finally heard beside me, "if the rain doesn't catch us first." After a pause, he said, "In a few rods, you cut down to the road and run till you come to Luther's old sheep pasture and open the gate that leads from here, fifty yards in from the road. I'll drive them. That's where they're heading."

"How'll we tie them?" I asked.

He shook his head and looked through the black needles to the black sky. "It's aggravating," he said, "to have it a thunderstorm." If my grandfather feared one thing, it was an electrical storm. He didn't fear it stupidly, head under covers, but as a farmer who has watched barns burn to the ground. Ahead of us I glimpsed a piece of black-and-white hide. "You can cut through to the road by the path up here," my grandfather said.

Then I heard a rumble and another, as if a car with a trailer had crossed a loosely laid wooden bridge. Around my ears and above my head I heard the soft sound of water in the needles. "It's here," I said. The dark momentarily lightened around us, and I started to count, but before I reached two the hard smack of the thunder was on us and the rain was coming hard. When the thunder stopped, I heard a clumsy noise through the rain, and it took me a moment to remember and to realize that the heifers were frightened by the noise and had begun to run again.

My grandfather was shaking his head. The corners of his mouth were tight. "If only it weren't an electrical storm," he said. "We might as well turn left here anyway," he said. "Ned Masters' barn's right across here." The pines were decent protection from the rain, and I didn't like to leave them for a dash across the macadam, but everyone knew that a pine forest was not the place to wait out a thunderstorm.

I was second in line now, and the pace was fast. We jumped across a ditch at the wood's edge, onto the macadam. I lifted my head up into the rain to look for cars. The Army convoy had spent itself. "Run!" said my grandfather, and I did, but I was sopped to the skin by the time I got to the barn. I stood and panted on the dirt floor, watching him walk stoutly in the drenching wind toward me.

WE stood in the door and watched the rain, which was solid between us and the old house. One end of the barn, the old tieup, had tumbled in, and the roof leaked around us, but fresh millet lay at our feet, and the signs of a live cow lay in the horse stall behind us. The house looked ready to fall. I had always stared at it on the way to church or to the South Danbury store. The chimney curved like the chimney of a very wicked witch, and grass grew out of the roof around its base. The roof sagged and buckled in various depressions. The clapboards were weathered gray, as if they had never known paint. The doors hung loose on broken hinges, the windowpanes were half newspaper, and the newspaper was yellow and torn. In front of the house, on the side we couldn't see from where we stood, rose an elm that looked as old as the house and as ready to die. Dead branches and gray bark covered the black roof. Still, you could tell by the carving over the front door that it had been built as an elegant farmhouse.

"Ned's had a hard life," said my grandfather. "He's had a lot of trouble with women—wives and daughters both."

"You knew each other when you were boys, didn't you?" I said, fishing for stories.

"He's the one. Ned Masters. I must have played a hundred games of base-ball with him." He always pronounced it "base-ball." "Ned was a tolerable bragger, though he did have a fast way of pitching. One Saturday, I was playing for Wilmot, catch, and he was playing for South Danbury. There was a man on third base and one out in the ninth inning, and we lacked one run of tying them. I hadn't hit the ball all day, and when I came up, their catcher shouted out to Ned, 'Here's a bounce-'em-out!,' and I got riled. Ned threw a mighty fast one, and I gritted my teeth at it and swung. We used to turn our old bats ourselves, on a lathe we'd drive with a pedal, like the one where the shop used to be; ash, they were. Well, the ball went over the fielders into some standing hay, and I crossed home base before they ever caught up to it, and I don't believe they ever did find it until Robbie Peters was raking after there for his daddy a couple of weeks later. Oh, my, Ned was mad to lose the game—mad at the catcher for getting me all riled more than anything. Ned looks very old now and he hasn't been very healthy. I would never be surprised to hear that Ned was dead, though it's a hard thing to say."

The rain seemed to come as consistently as ever, but the intervals between lightning and thunder were becoming greater. "Will we go back after the heifers when the rain stops?" I asked.

He shook his head. "If we had hip boots up to the tops of our heads, we might try it, I reckon. Walking in the young stuff and the ferns, we'd be wet to the skin all the time, and your grandmother would be provoked. No, we'll have to put it off again. The Ordman boys can help me catch the wild things, though I'd get more use out of you. You and I will have to turn the millet tomorrow and get it in, and it will be the end of our summer."

For all I knew, I thought, it could be the end of more than that. I felt very conscious, that September, that my grandparents had another winter to live through before I could return to them. The idea of their mortality was never far from the surface of my day, for a flush or a sigh or a hand pressed to a heart brought death to me, as if I had heard someone say the word. It was a pack on my back, and I would feel the sharp, physical pain of their approach to dying—something becoming nothing. Or was it my own approach to bereavement that made my side ache?

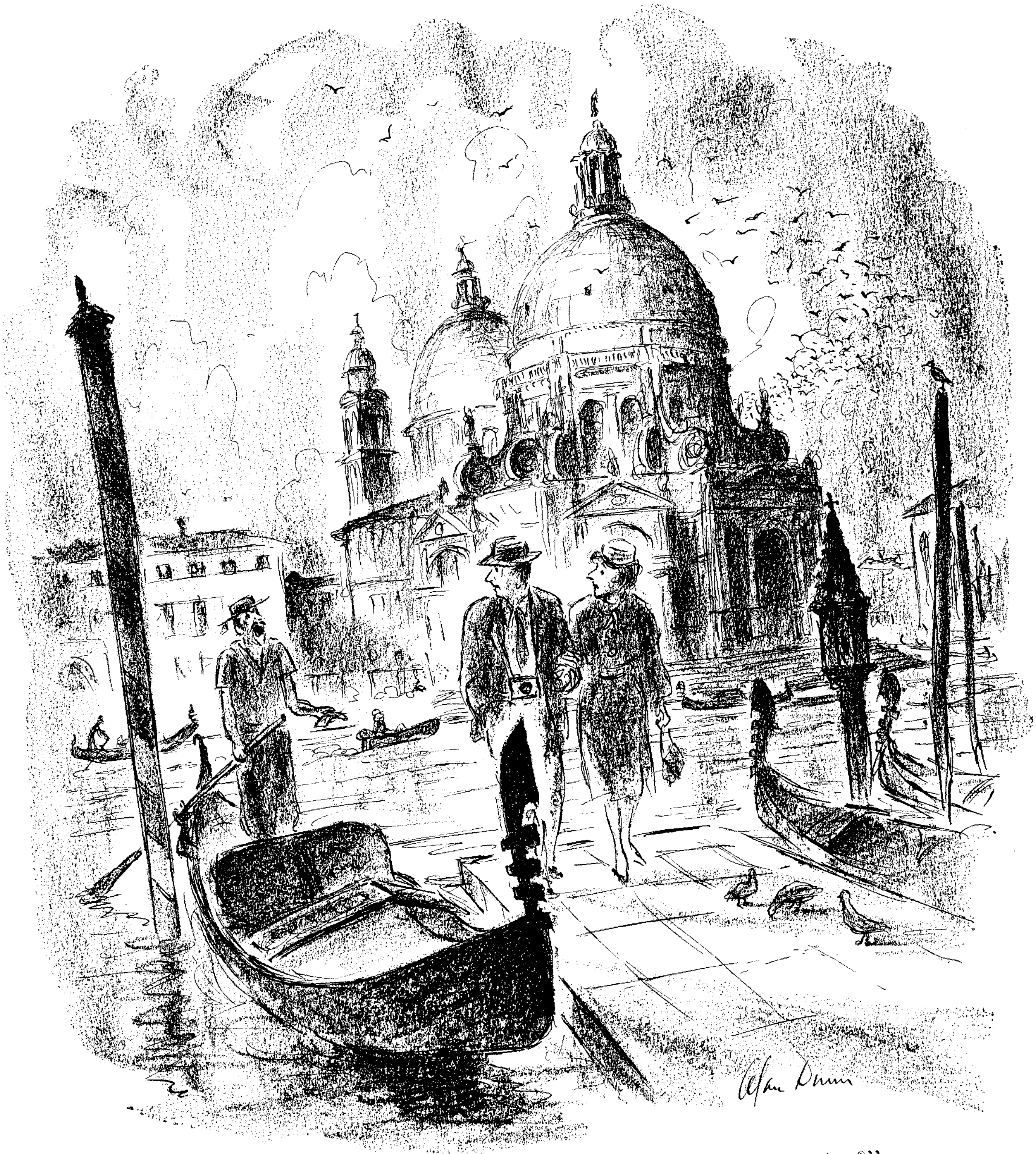
Across the wet yard, behind one of the remaining panes of glass, I saw movement and then an ancient face. It had a long, drooping yellow mustache, and low folds of skin slanted darkly under the eyes, their line like the line of the mustache, making a pattern on the face like two inverted Vs. The old man looked out for perhaps fifteen seconds, without expression, like the heifers stiff with curiosity at the edge of the clearing. Then he pulled back out of sight and I thought to speak. "A man was at the window," I said. "An old man."

My grandfather nodded. "If Ned's eyes don't fail him, he'll be after us to visit with him. I don't rightly like to, dripping like this, and Katie will be anxious because of the storm. Yet we couldn't say no."

It took the old man three or four minutes, while the rain declined to a steady, ordinary density, to hobble around to the shed door and open it. He stood in it, in a white shirt without a collar—and a Sunday shirt on a weekday was poverty—bent forward from the waist in the black doorway. He gestured once for us to cross over to him and then backed into the interior. Grandfather started across in the rain, and I followed him.

INSIDE the old place, I saw on the wall of the shed the rusty barrel of a shotgun without a stock, next to a rack of bamboo fishing rods that were mostly split. My grandfather led me to the door of the kitchen, knocked, and pushed it open. The smell of food had begun in the shed and was thick in the kitchen. Ned Masters sat in a rocker next to the black flat top of a huge kitchen stove, in which some coals at least were still burning. When we came in, he took a quartered stick of green birch from the woodbox at one side of him and dropped it into the stove on his other side. "Sit down, Wesley," he said.

Grandfather said that I was Lucy's boy, and Ned nodded at me. There was only one free chair, and my grandfather sat in it. I leaned back against some set tubs covered with worn oilcloth. Against another wall stood a kitchen table with a mail-order catalogue on it marked "Summer Specials 1937." The floor was uneven, and I could feel it give under my weight when I crossed it. Shreds of paper clung here and there to the walls, some plaster was off the ceiling, and a bucket was catching drips from a leak near the shed door.



"*Fifty lire! You call that helping American prestige?*"

• •

The door next to the kitchen table opened (I could see a wicker sofa in the farther room), and a tiny woman shuffled in. "You never met Mother," Ned said to my grandfather. "We been married two years." My grandfather stood and shook her hand. When I took it, it was so fragile that I barely dared return the pressure it gave me. Ned said, "Mother, this is Wesley Wells and this is his oldest daughter's boy." Her answer was to nod, and, except for the ceaseless shuffle of her slippers, she made no kind of noise all the time we were there. Her feet in the slippers were bare and the skin looked sore. Now she scurried to the stove and found a kettle, which she filled at the kitchen pump and returned to the stove. "Mother is afraid of the lightning," said Ned. "She just took her head out from under the covers after I saw you." The old man laughed slowly. "She's a good woman," he said, "and better than most."

"You've had a hard time, Ned," said my grandfather.

"Reckon I have. Spent six weeks in the hospital in the spring. Did you know?"

"I saw you there, Ned, remember? In May?"

"Yes, guess I do, Wesley. Not what I used to be."

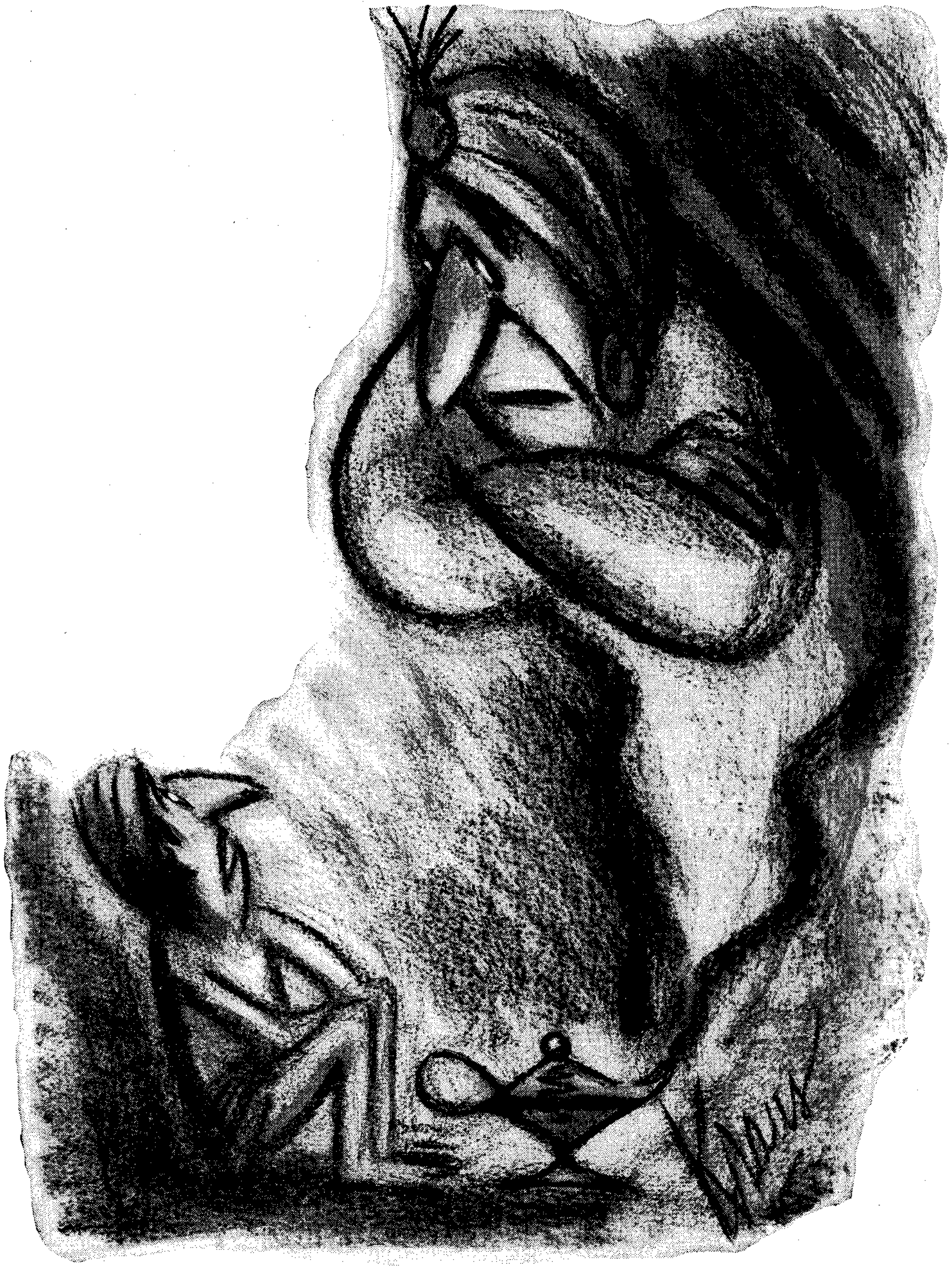
I was watching the cat that had slunk in from the parlor. It was the thinnest cat I had ever seen, and its hair was falling off in patches. It took a close look at an empty plate on the floor and then patrolled the baseboards, as if for mice. I heard my grandfather say, "I was just telling the boy about some of our base-ball."

"I remember those days better than last week," Ned said. "Remember I could handle you."

"Not every time, Ned."

Ned laughed, and then stopped and said, "Those were the best days, I think, now I look back. Maybe I'm just an old fool. We're not what we used to be."

My grandfather looked over at me, where I leaned against the set tubs and watched the cat. He loved to reminisce, but he could never bear the avowal of failure or despair. It was as if he feared complaint of it more than the failure itself, I thought. He always seemed adequate to his own poverty and bad luck, and he never denied a fact in his life. The only times I remember seeing him really in depression were over someone else. Once when I was very young, and my father and mother were at the farm with me, we all took a long drive to let my grandfather visit a cousin he had not seen for forty years—since the day the cousin had left town to enlist for the Spanish-American War, from which he had returned to another part of New Hampshire. We heard in detail on the drive over about the cousin's skill as a wrestler, his quick tongue, and his good humor. The fat old man who met us was petulant and hypocritical. He complained of the size of his pension, of his wife, who was an invalid, of "King Franklin the First," and of the younger generation. It was during the dep grandfather was a N Democrat and kept new of the President pinned room wall at the farm. B the cousin tried to sell my insurance, wheedling and like a caricature of a salesma long, cold drive home, my gr huddled in a corner of the ba and no one spoke. When we were the house again, he said that may the war had cracked his old friend.



"All I want is a little love and understanding."

Now he only said to Ned, "It's the way it has to be, I guess. We're not young men."

"The house is falling in," Ned went on. "I know it. People don't think I know it, but I do. When my daddy died, the house was white. It has been a hard time, all of it. You remember this house before the tree, Wesley. Tell the boy how it used to be. None of them care."

"The house will stand, Ned." (After Ned died, during the winter that followed, and his widow went into the Home, people from Boston bought it for taxes, and after the war they rebuilt it, and they and their children go there now in the summers and talk as if they had been born there.) "You have the pension now, and they look after you when you're sick."

"It's getting old, Wesley. You know what it is."

Grandfather didn't answer, but I could see that he was moved. For a moment, I thought that he was avoiding it because he didn't want to admit it, but as his eyes looked over at me out of his old face, I suddenly understood that it was me he was sparing. He didn't want me to know. I, who couldn't, in my morbidity and self-pity, look at him without the temptation to weep over his death, to mourn him while he was still alive—I wasn't to understand. Yet what I wasn't to know was not age or the death in him, I realized next, but his sense of age and death and his fear of them. Their presence had been in everything he told me, the long anthology of his stories recounted as if to a second memory. He was giving his life to me, handing it over. I had taken his anecdotes as a loving entertainment, when all of them, even the silliest, were matters of life and death. —DONALD HALL

•

Throw in dirty potatoes—turn on the water—presto—out comes nice clean freshly peeled potatoes or carrots!
—*Adv. in the Times.*

Keeps you on your toes.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

August 24

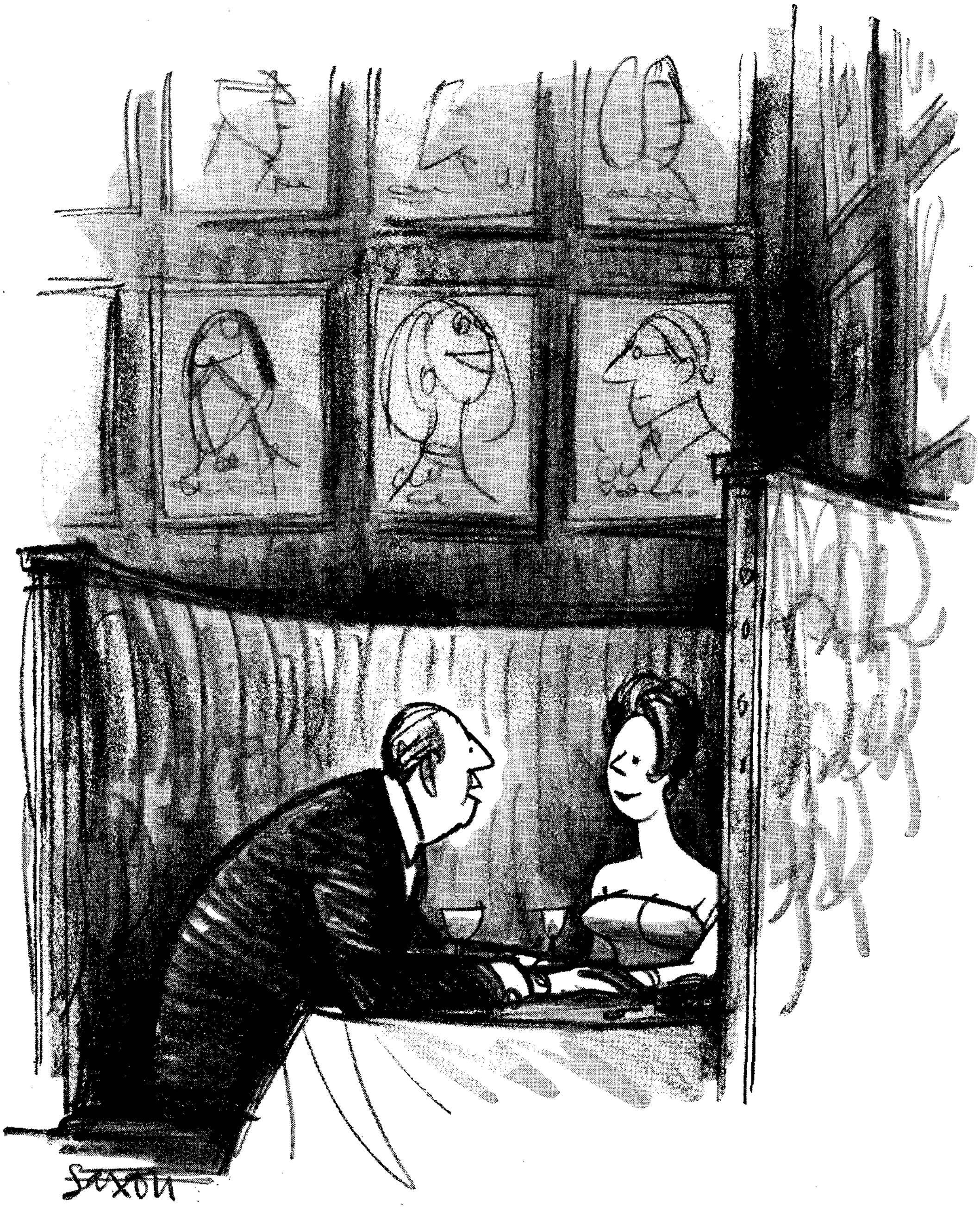
PATROLMAN W. of the West Berlin police force was on duty again early this morning in the Potsdamerplatz, which lies partly in West Berlin and partly in East Berlin, as he had been that Sunday morning eleven days ago when the whole thing started, at 12:35 A.M.—the sealing off of East Berlin from West Berlin. "I saw three cars drive up from the east," he told me. "They parked alongside one another, blocking the street. 'Now, that's a funny way of parking,' I said to myself. Then I was blinded for a moment by lights beamed from two large trucks, which had pulled up behind the cars. Armed Vopos [green-uniformed members of the Communist Volkspolizei, or People's Police] wearing steel helmets jumped down and quickly took up positions across their side of the Platz. Next, three more trucks came, loaded with concrete and cranes. Finally, I realized what was up. I ran to my telephone and passed the news on to my headquarters." Within an hour or so, the East Berliners' work was well under way, and soon afterward the Platz was cut in two by concrete posts, about five feet high and a foot thick, with barbed wire strung between them.

By this morning, the entire boundary between West Berlin and East Berlin had, in actuality or in effect, been walled up. At a few places, known as checkpoints, foreigners, and even some West Berliners, are allowed to cross over into East Berlin; nowhere can an East Berliner, except a Communist agent on a special mission, take the reverse route. In the Potsdamerplatz, the only link left between East and West is the overhead wires of the streetcar line; this morning, on both sides, empty streetcars pulled up to the barrier and then started back the way they had come. Elsewhere in Berlin, the effects of the Communist move of August 13th are equally eerie. The entrance to the Redeemer Church, which is situated in East Berlin but faces on West Berlin, has been permanently closed. Bishop Otto Dibelius, who lives in West Berlin but presides over the Marien Church, in East Berlin, has not been permitted to cross the border to preach. Even the dead have not been spared; the west gate of the Huguenot Dome Cemetery has been walled off, and West Berlin friends and relatives of those buried there can no longer visit the graves. Last week, near the ruins around the Reichstag, a few bold people escaped to the West through cellars and sewers; now the cellars and sewers have been blocked up. "It's exactly like the Warsaw Ghetto," says a German acquaintance of mine, who should know, since he was one of the soldiers who helped wall up the Warsaw Ghetto.

On Harzerstrasse, in the Neukölln district, the boundary runs along the house fronts on the east side of the street. Until Monday, August 14th, a man could sit on his doorstep with his head in the East and his feet in the West. That morning, Vopos, with a few masons in tow, broke into the houses through the back doors and had the masons brick up the front doors and the windows on the lower floors. Standing in front of one pleasant, balconied apartment house, I watched two masons laying bricks in tiny cellar windows. A few other people were watching, too, and two youngsters jeered at the masons. "Goodness, leave them alone," said an old man. "Don't you know the poor devils are working under Vopo guns?" Bricks or no bricks, some of the people living in ground-floor apartments on Harzerstrasse have been forced to move out, while others have been allowed to stay but forbidden to use rooms facing west. There are five doorbells on the front of the apartment house I was looking at. You may ring and you will hear a buzz, but nothing will happen. The people on the ground floor are walled in, and the people upstairs are too scared even to look out of their windows. At night, though, a few of them do venture out onto their balconies to water their flowers. A second-floor balcony on a street like Harzerstrasse is one of the last avenues of escape from East Berlin, since a man might simply jump to freedom, but it is an avenue available to very few people, because the Vopos have set up a blockade around the houses and permit only those who live there to pass. The other day, a woman who lived in a fourth-story apartment on one of the border streets jumped out of a window into West Berlin; she found the ultimate freedom of death in an ambulance.

Yesterday, visiting Marienfelde, the refugee center in West Berlin where East Germans have been welcomed and processed for the last decade and more, I met a strong young man who managed to escape a couple of nights ago by swimming across the Teltow Canal—part of the boundary. He had jumped in, hit something hard, and hurt himself badly. The day before, it turned out, the Vopos had dropped big concrete blocks into the canal to deter defectors like him. Banged up as he was, though, he was happy. Happiness is rare at Marienfelde these days. Before August 13th, people who made it to Marienfelde were generally cheerful, hoping that their friends and families would follow later. There are still a thousand refugees being processed, but they have no such hope; the camp's reception rooms are empty. At Marienfelde, one hears many stories of people who missed their chance to escape because they would not come without luggage. One miserable woman told me that she and her husband had left East Berlin some days before with nothing but the clothes on their backs, and that her husband had suddenly decided, on August 12th, to go back and get some of their possessions. He has, of course, not returned.

A week ago, West Berliners were saying that only the Vopos could still run away, but it has since become difficult even for them. They now have to move around in groups, watching each other. In fact, everybody in East Berlin is keeping an eye on everybody else: the blue-shirted Freie Deutsche Jugend, or F.D.J., boys; the black-clad transport police; the brown-clad Betriebskampfgruppen, or brigades of specially picked workers who have been taken out of their factories to patrol the streets. The other day, alongside a section of barrier in the heart of Berlin, I joined a group of people watching a peculiar incident. On each side of the barrier stood an old woman, and I gathered that the two were sisters. The

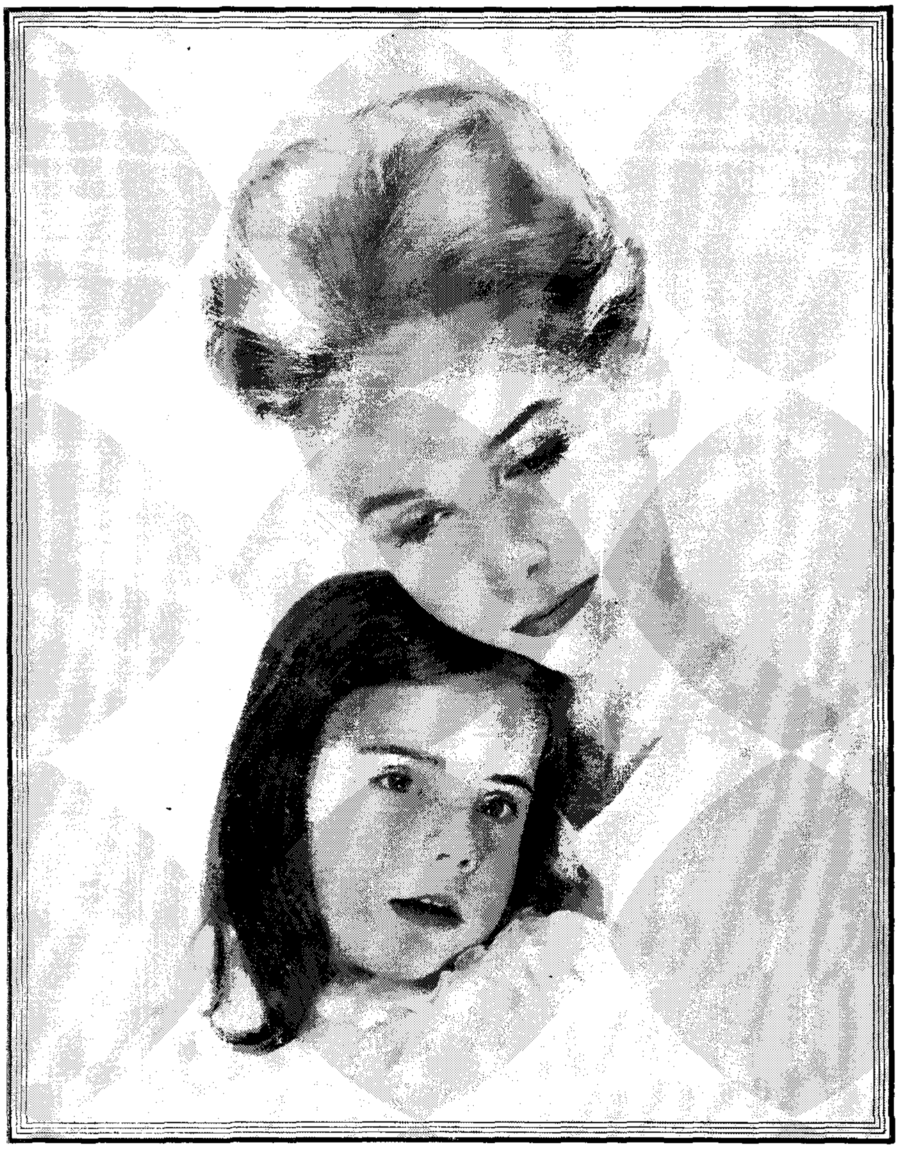


"I want you to know, Miss Evans, I would have hired you even if you hadn't been processed through Personnel."

woman on the west side was carrying a small parcel, and she begged a Vopo for permission to give it to her sister. He shook his head. Then a pretty girl on the east side talked to the Vopo and apparently convinced him that it would be all right, for she reached over the barrier, took the parcel, and turned to the Eastern sister. The crowd on the west side cheered. But before the girl could give the parcel to the old woman a mean-looking F.D.J. boy, not more than seventeen, tore it out of her hands and hurled it back over the barrier. The crowd started to yell. Both the Vopo and the F.D.J. boy pointed guns at us, and two West Berlin policemen came up and asked us to move on. An old man said to no one in particular, "It makes me ashamed to be a German." Somebody else said, "Those pigs aren't Germans. They only speak the language."

PEOPLE on this side of the barrier have just begun to realize how closely the two Berlins were bound together. A few weeks ago, fifty-three thousand people lived in East Berlin and worked in West Berlin, and twenty thousand, most of them artists, musicians, writers, and doctors, lived in the West and worked in the East. Some East Berliners—perhaps five hundred of them—were lucky enough to spend the night of Saturday, August 12th, in West Berlin; for instance, an East Berlin driver for a West Berlin firm got drunk after work on Saturday night, and when he woke up Sunday morning he was still in West Berlin. A West Berlin housewife became annoyed on Monday morning when her cleaning woman failed to show up; it turned out that the cleaning woman lived in East Berlin and had never thought to mention the fact to her employer. A garage owner I know lost two men; a restaurant was left without dishwashers; and the door of a dry-cleaning store had to be forced open because the manager, who had the keys, lived in East Berlin. Siemens, the large electrical company in West Berlin, was deprived of more than seven thousand skilled workers. Culturally, too, the Berlins were linked. Last year, East Berliners made up ten per cent of the theatre audiences in West Berlin and perhaps half of the audiences at football games, art exhibitions, and the concerts that RIAS, the American-supported radio station here, put on in an outdoor theatre. A million of the tickets sold by cinemas in West Berlin went to East Berliners. Every month, sixty thousand Easterners visited the big reading room in America House, near the Zoo Station. A new concert hall is being built just a stone's throw from the boundary; the site was chosen in order to make the place easily accessible to music lovers from the East.

Around the Brandenburg Gate, the political topography has become farcical. On August 17th, when some West Berliners threatened to march against a Soviet war memorial in the British sector, the British surrounded the memorial with barbed wire. Now two tommies stand guard outside the wire, protecting two Russian soldiers, who stand guard, a little sheepishly, inside the wire. West Berlin policemen armed with pistols "guard" the west side of the Gate, and heavily armed Vopos—some of them stationed amid the statuary on top of the Gate—guard the other side. "We stare at them and they stare at us," a West Berlin policeman



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says. "It's crazy. How long can it all go on?"

A lot of people in West Berlin are asking themselves the same question. They don't share the professional detachment of those Allied diplomats who have been assuring them that the situation will "dry up and normalize." The Berliners think that there is too much tension on both sides, and that the tension is increasing. Ten days ago there were eighty checkpoints, last week there were twelve, this morning there were eight, and soon there may be none. Even if Khrushchev and Walter Ulbricht should refrain from further harassments—and the most optimistic residents of this city built on optimism don't think they will—the deeper worry about the future of the "new" Berlin would persist. In one night, Berlin ceased to be the bridge between East and West, the escape hatch, the morale builder. If it is to keep its vitality, it will have to find a new purpose. The West Germans have pledged more help for West Berlin's industries, and Mayor Willy Brandt talks hopefully of making the city a new oasis of education and cultural life, but many West Berliners do not believe that any such measures—whether practical or idealistic—will be sufficient. "We cannot live under a glass bell in a *Freiheitsmuseum*—a Freedom Museum," one Berliner told me. Another remarked, "If Khrushchev is smart and patient, he doesn't have to risk war over Berlin. Without the excitement and stimulation provided by contact with East Berlin, the proud spirit and political keenness of West Berlin will die out, frustration and provincialism will set in, and that will be the end."

The fact is that the tough, curious, alert people of free Berlin, who remained calm during the blockade and in the face of Khrushchev's recent threats, are severely shaken now. They feel that their allies, and particularly the Americans, let them down by failing to show up that first Sunday, or Monday, or Tuesday. In their view, a few American tanks along the boundary early in the game might have made all the difference; Ulbricht might not have dared set up his fences. Politically, such a move would have been risky, but as far as the West Berliners are concerned, it would have been psychologically valuable. People who have lived here since the end of the war have never seen the city as gloomy as it was in the week following that bleak Sunday. Vice-President Johnson's mission, and also the appearance of General Lucius Clay, who is much loved by the West Ber-

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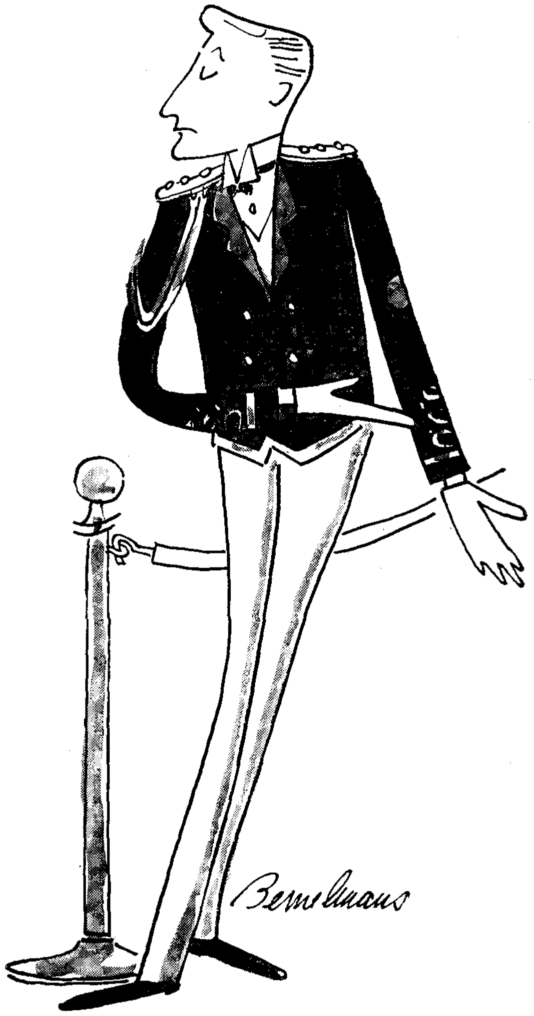
liners, did something to help morale, and so did the arrival of American reinforcements on the twenty-first, but the old feeling of confidence has not been restored. The days in which America did nothing but issue protests have not been forgotten.

Some West Berliners are thinking of leaving. They compare August 13th to March 7, 1936, when Hitler's troops moved into the Rhineland. "Hitler broke the Locarno Pact and no one did anything about it," a friend of mine here said to me. "This time, the Communists broke the Four Power agreement, and no one wants to do anything about that. Last year, when Ulbricht placed new restrictions on travel to Berlin, the West German government quickly abrogated its trade agreement with East Germany. What did Bonn do this time? Protest—that's all. A West German businessman told me yesterday that Berlin is indefensible, and that I'd better settle in West Germany while there is still time. He doesn't understand that West Germany will also be indefensible once Berlin has fallen." Many West Berliners feel contempt, even hatred, for the West Germans. While Brandt has increased his stature by the coolness and boldness he has shown during the crisis, Adenauer's popularity has reached an all-time low in Berlin. Brandt is one of the few prominent West Germans who keep telling people that they must not forget or write off the East Germans, even now. A few days ago, West Berlin resumed sending world news across the boundary by means of a moving lighted sign in the Potsdamerplatz—a practice that had been given up in 1959—but Ulbricht's men quickly put up strong reflector lights just inside their territory to prevent people from reading the sign—the first known case of jamming by light. There remain only radio and TV, and RIAS is still apparently listened to in the East, for the Communist paper *Neues Deutschland* has just promoted the station by no longer referring to it as a *Hetzsender*, which means "agitating station," but, instead, calling it a *Feindsender*—an old Nazi term meaning "enemy station."

West Berlin has been proud of its tolerant spirit, but there are signs of change. A week or so back, the theatrical producer Boleslaw Barlog called off a production of the Communist Bertolt Brecht's "Herr Puntila und Sein Knecht," which had been scheduled to open shortly. Almost everybody here approved. "Anyone connected with the West Berlin theatre must show his true



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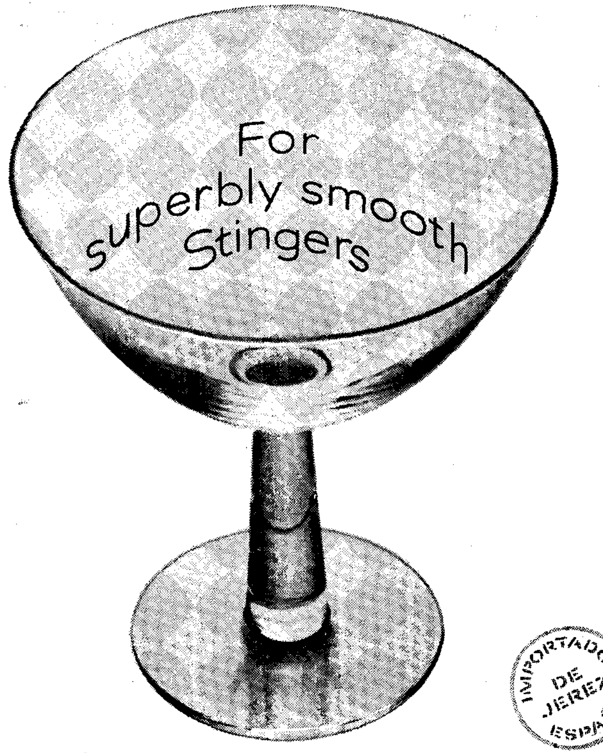

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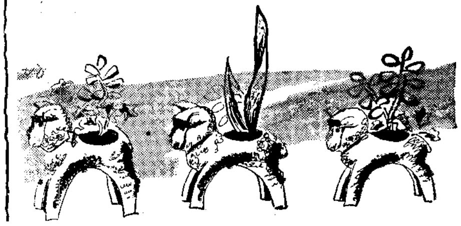
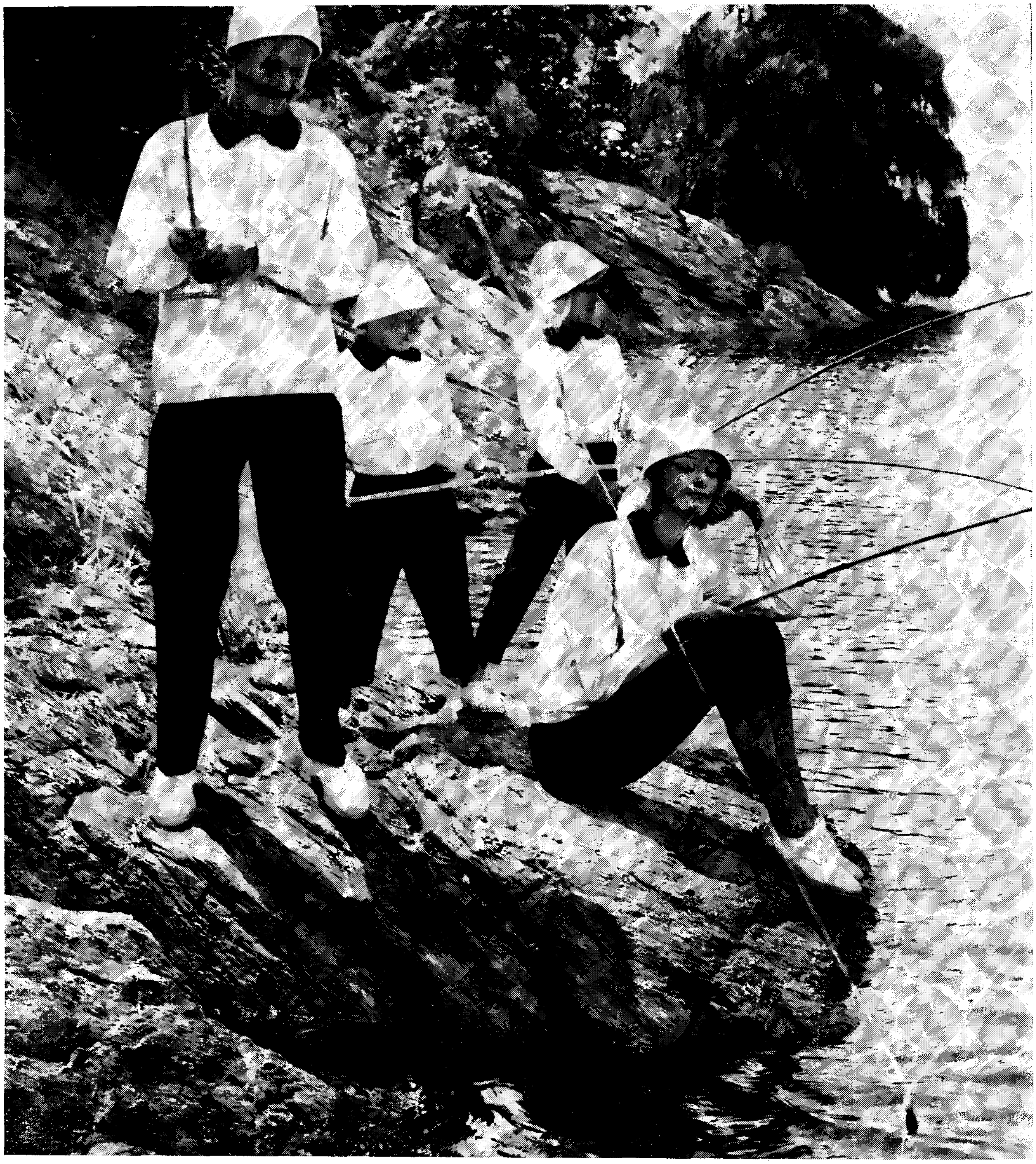
colors; he must respect the spirit and the morals of this city," wrote the noted critic Friedrich Luft. And almost everybody was pleased when a West German publishing house announced that it would not issue an already printed novel by Erwin Strittmatter, the first secretary of the East German Writers Union.

LAST night, I took an elevated train to the East. One of the oddities of this divided city is that the S-Bahn, or elevated network, is run by East Berliners, even in West Berlin. Posters had been put up near the Zoo Station entrance reading, "Not a pfennig for Ulbricht's barbed wire," and "If you love freedom don't ride the S-Bahn." Some Communist agents had come from the East to present their case, and there were vociferous arguments around the station, almost like those in Hyde Park. A West Berlin policeman told me, "Last night they were arguing until half past three, and then our people wanted to beat their people up. We had to protect those agitators and see that they got safely back to the East on the S-Bahn." A few West Berliners glared at me as I headed for the ticket counter, but they relaxed when I told them I was an American reporter and wanted to take a look at East Berlin. The few people aboard the train seemed sullen, and they weren't cheered up by a drunk singing "*Es hat keinen Zweck, der Spitzbart muss weg*" ("It's no use, the goatee [Ulbricht] must go"). To West Berliners, nothing is funny any more about Ulbricht, who reminds many people of Hitler. RIAS recently made an interesting experiment, putting on first a recording of an old Nazi speech and then one of a recent Communist speech. The two were strangely alike in delivery, demagoguery, and invective.

The Friedrichstrasse Station, where I got off, was full of transport police, along with a scattering of Vopos. The officials were polite but very strict, and people had to open their pocketbooks and briefcases. A West Berlin woman was pleading with the authorities to let her take a few things to her old mother—some coffee, a little butter and chocolate, a tiny bottle of cream. She





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had been waiting for half an hour, I gathered, but soon after I arrived they let her through. A policeman told me that he had just arrested two people carrying large amounts of money in East marks, which they had bought cheaply in West Berlin and were trying to smuggle to relatives in the East. I spent ten minutes in a dimly lit room, showing my papers and answering routine questions, and then was permitted to leave. As I stepped out of the station into the street, I found myself in what was practically a military encampment. The short-haired girls and long-haired boys who always used to hang around here had disappeared, and the street had been taken over by Vopos and detachments of the People's Army, plus some Russian soldiers. Steel-helmeted messengers raced by on motorcycles; guards carried guns with fixed bayonets. I was unable to discover who it was that this display of power was directed against, since the civilians on the scene were few and frightened. I strolled away from the commotion, looking into shop windows as I went. I was told that there was much less food in the stores than there had been two or three weeks ago, that even potatoes were now rationed, and that butter and meat were almost unavailable. "And no wonder, when you have to feed a million Vopos and soldiers just so they can stand around and frighten decent people," I heard a woman say.

I tried to get near the Brandenburg Gate, where I could glimpse tanks and armored cars, but a Vopo turned me back. On a deserted side street I suddenly saw some more tanks—seventeen T-34s with men standing in the turrets. Everybody looked alert and ready to move at a moment's notice. Near Friedrichstrasse, I saw still another large tank outfit. Here there were some soldiers in the turrets, but the rest of the outfit was listening to two women singing Russian songs. A young soldier said that this was *Truppenbetreuung*—the old Nazi expression meaning "entertainment for the troops"—and that everybody loved it. When I asked him how long the tanks were going to stay there, he said without a moment's hesitation, "Until the peace treaty is signed," adding, "We've got plenty of time."

I looked up an East Berliner I've known for many years, and the first thing he said to me was that the sense of depression everywhere was so dense that you could almost touch it with your hands. "Millions of people here never thought of escape simply because they knew they could always get away if they

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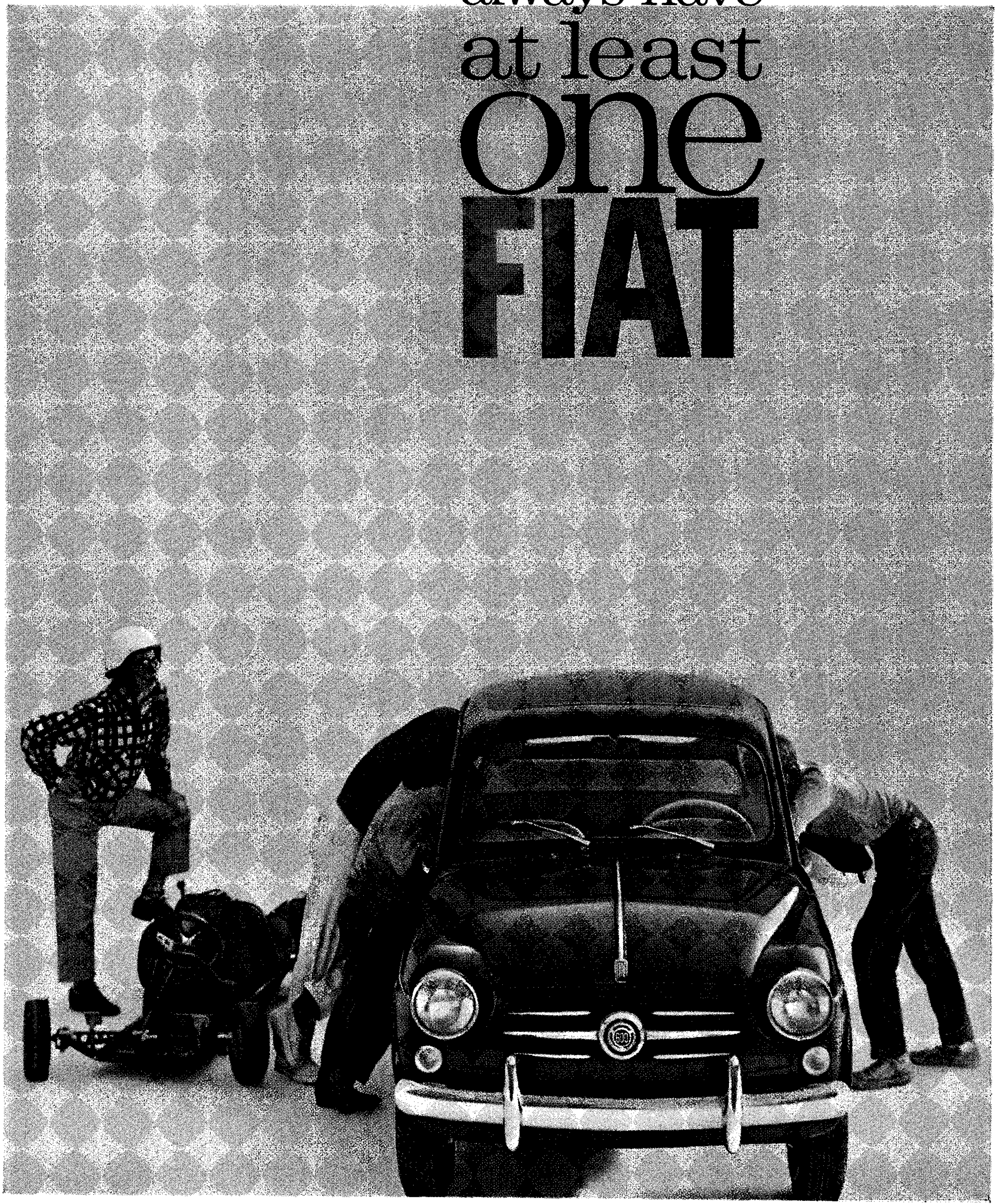

*Suggested price, p.o.e., New York. Sales and service throughout U.S. and Canada. For overseas delivery or rental, see your Fiat Dealer, travel agent, or write Fiat Motor Company, Inc., 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

Flamboyan flowers almost everywhere in Puerto Rico make it a glorious place to sip a Daiquiri. John Stewart photograph.

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THE RECIPE: Juice of half a lime (1/2 oz.); scant tsp. sugar; 1 1/2 oz. white Puerto Rican rum. Shake with ice. Where available, use Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix and just add rum.

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Wonderful Rum Drinks

had to. Now that we're trapped, everybody is thinking of escape. I could kick myself for being so stupid. August 13th was not like June 17, 1953, when the East German workers rose against the Russian troops. In fact, the contrast was shocking. Eight years ago, our people threw stones at the Soviet tanks. We were intoxicated with the hope of freedom. This time, we were bewildered and terrified. There is no hope in East Berlin today, only fear and utter resignation. All over East Berlin, soldiers are posted so close together that each can see another one from where he stands." He sighed, and said, "Now you'd better go."

Back at the Friedrichstrasse Station, a Vopo looked at my passport and then disappeared with it. After a few minutes, he returned and handed it to me with a shrug. I got back on the S-Bahn; the train was virtually empty. It had always been comforting to return from the dimly lit, unnaturally quiet streets of East Berlin to the bright lights and busy sounds of West Berlin, with its crowded beerhalls and its alert, noisy people. Now, in spite of the troubled atmosphere in West Berlin, it was more than comforting; it was exhilarating.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

*

HOMAGE

When broken laughter broke
From the edge of a bough,
I turned, and a buzzing went
Bushes and yards away
Like a shot, and disappeared,
Then quick came humming back
To hang like a red hook
First of all in the air—
Embedded in a blur—
Then instantly nowhere.
I glanced from marsh to creek
To the arches of my eyes
And found, flush in the sun,
The striking hummingbird
Whirring and chortling down
Faster than I could follow
Within a foot of my ear,
Vanishing there and there,
Only to reappear
Forty feet aloft,
Unsteady and permanent,
Transfixed, then gone again
To slant straight at my head
But missing, rocketing by.
A streak of redness left
Behind it like a stroke
Bent me down in half,
Bowing me toward its mate
Perched silent at my elbow.

—DAVID WAGONER

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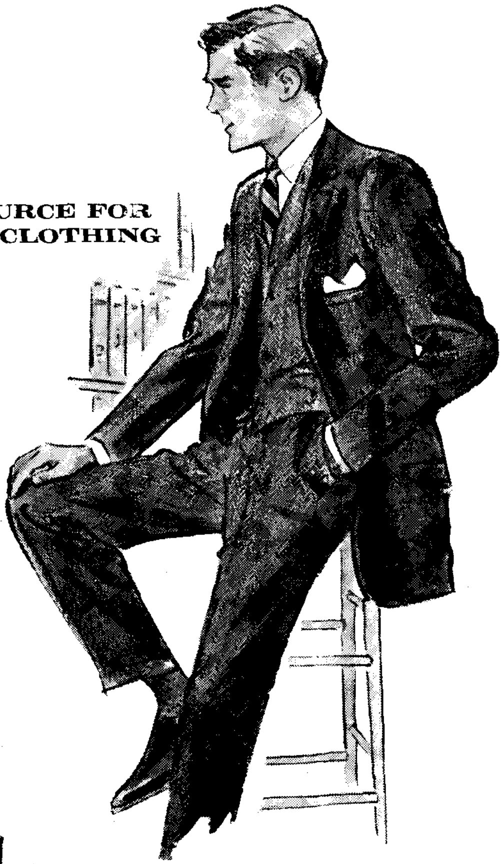

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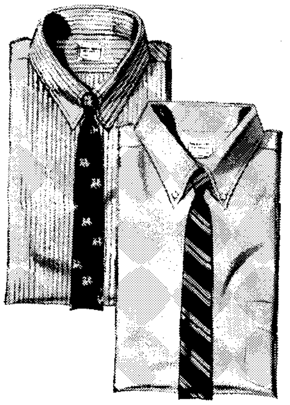

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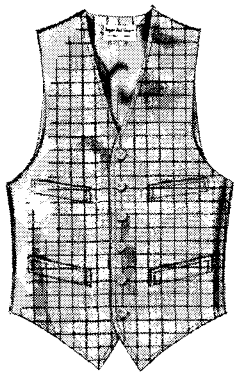

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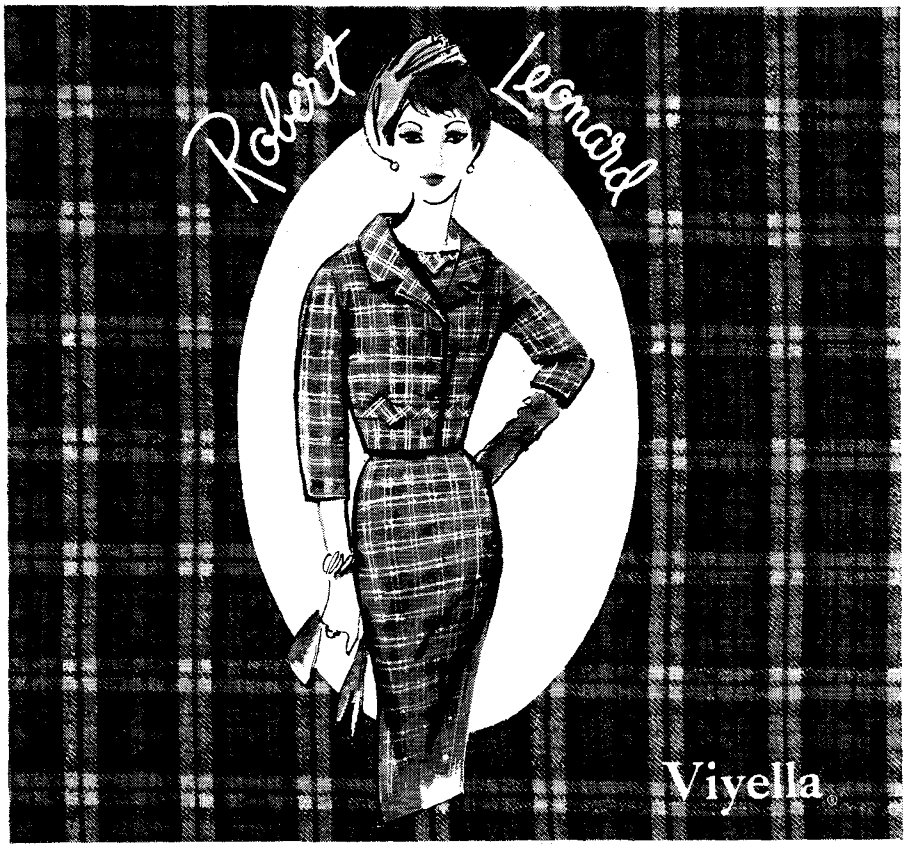

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THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*Program note for a production called "Tales of Manhattan," at the Takarazuka Grand Theatre, near Osaka, Japan*]

Finishing three years navy lives, Eddy, Robert, and Frank returned Manhattan in New York. They recalled their young days to see the huge illuminations in the city. Eddy was star singer of a night club where his girl friend Ethel was singing. Robert having no girl friend though, his younger brother and the desk of their trading firm was waiting for him. As for Frank, his father being a sergeant of police, he is to be a policeman, too. He has of course his beautiful girl friend Pacy.

They three promised to meet the coming third Sunday afternoon in October at the Statue of Liberty, on account of increasing after retiring their intimate-friend-ship.

They parted from each other unknowingly that the day would become their day of fatal. When Eddy the star singer of the night club once, came back to the club, the manager and all others pleased to meet him but his old girl friend Ethel.

She has been changed her temper after he went in navy, she drank, made scandals herself, moreover, her voice got husky like her own life. The manager fired her then, and tried to hire new prima singer Susan who he made on stage with Eddy.

A month later, Eddy happened to see with Ethel on the street, Ethel has no interest in him already though, she had her name card fallen. It was written on the card, "Come to trade. 260 Park Ave."

"260 Park Ave." It was said of the club where Ethel was working in secret by forced Albel, while Albel is president of the firm which Robert is engaged in.

At that night, Albel is to trade smuggling opium from Hong Kong with Chiness Madam Wo, but knowing Ethel has lost the card, he felt dangerous to be known the place and smuggling. He determined Eddy to be an opium-eater then.

Eddy came there at last, Albel did to him what he has determined being seen by both Ethel and Robert. Eddy became true opium-eater in the dusky China Town.

One day he saw young Ethel in his dream in which they promised their marriage though, after Eddy went navy, Ethel felt loneliness, and wicked Albel forced her to be his secret mistress.

Speaking of Frank, one of the three, after retired from navy, he had graduated from police school, became fine policeman, lovely Pacy is also in peace with him.

On the third Sunday of October when the three promised to meet each other at the Stutue of Liberty, Frank was ordered from the Pennsylvanian police station to post a cordon a spot in the city. It was to arrest the smuggling group of opium, including Albel on the spot where, they promised to meet.

Eddy came there accompanied with Susan, Robert also came not will of himself but Albel. The policemen appear, Frank of course is included among them.

Robert and Albel were Killed, while the members of the smuggling group of opium likewise were arrested. Eddy and Frank tearfully sang the song which they did often in the navy, surrounding dead Robert.

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HELP!

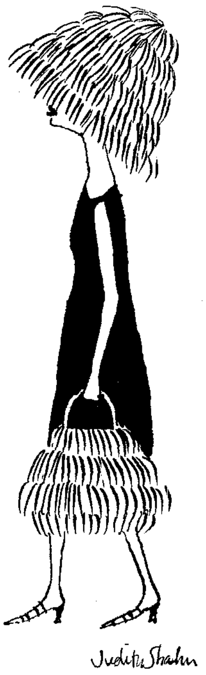
PUBLISHING stocks are fashionable these days, and one of the more stylish ones is Random House, which since it was initially offered to the public at 11¼ in the fall of 1959 has climbed to a high of 51, and, after a four-for-three split, was coasting along last week at 32. In May, 1960, the company acquired one of its competitors, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., whose chief I ran into a few months ago.

"Just think! Bennett Cerf is worth eight million dollars in Random House stock alone!" Knopf said.

"How about yourself?" I asked, for around the time of the merger I had read in the papers that he and his wife, while retaining autonomy over their house, or annex, had exchanged their Knopf certificates for some three million dollars' worth of Random House's, and I knew that these were now quoted at nearly twice that.

Fingering his magenta Tremlett tie, the distinguished publisher smiled a rich man's smile.

The *mouvementé* aspects of Wall Street have long exerted a cobra-like fascination over me, and it was in the hope of piercing the mystery of Random House's four-hundred-per-cent stock-market rise that I settled down to an analysis of a closely mimeographed four-page letter—bearing the letterhead "Random House, Inc. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.," and subscribed "J. S. Lear, Corresponding Readers Officer"—that came over my desk not long after my encounter with Mr. Knopf. However, the more I studied this extraordinary document, the more I realized that its message was cultural rather than economic. I became thoroughly ashamed of myself for my crass approach to publishing, and my financial curiosity, unsatisfied in any case, happily gave way to reflections of a more refined nature.



"Dear Nominee," the source of my improved attitude begins. "On behalf of the editors, it gives me pleasure to invite you to accept appointment as a Corresponding Reader for Random House, Inc., and Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.," and goes on, in part, and in the first person plural:

> It is our sincere hope that you will enjoy serving as a Reader, and we look forward to receiving by return mail the enclosed reply card indicating acceptance.
>
> *Corresponding Readers are under no obligation whatsoever.* They serve for as long as they remain interested, and may resign at any time. There are no dues or fees to pay, and no contributions are ever solicited.
>
> Conversely, there is no remuneration for service as a Corresponding Reader. You do receive, however, certain *privileges and courtesies:* for example, the publisher has arranged for Readers to receive substantial *discounts on all books which they preview.* Depending upon the book, this discount ranges from ten to twenty per cent. Thus, a book normally costing $3.50 is made available for as little as $2.80.
>
> The post of Corresponding Reader has been created by two of America's most distinguished publishing organizations—Random House and Alfred A. Knopf—in order to meet the growing need for developing this country's new generation of writers.
>
> In many ways, the job's purposes are similar to advisory boards which have been established in the other arts, and with which you may also [*sic*] be familiar. For today, nearly every cultural institution depends, to some degree, on interested groups of perceptive, knowledgeable laymen whose function is to offer advice and encouragement.
>
> The Metropolitan Opera, for example, has its famed Opera Guild, which has been instrumental in bringing America's talented young composers, musicians and singers to the attention of an ever-growing audience.
>
> The Museum of Modern Art's distinguished Junior Council has been extremely successful in gaining a broader appreciation for the works of able young painters, sculptors, photographers and designers.
>
> In your own community, too, there are probably committees like these which have been organized as "friends" of the local symphony orchestra, little theatre, art gallery.
>
> What members of these organizations are to their respective fields, Corresponding Readers are to literature—people who genuinely enjoy good fiction and *belles lettres*, are interested in uncovering new, young writers, and are willing to devote a few agreeable hours every so often to lending advice and giving encouragement.
>
> For in today's world, the satisfaction of helping to discover a Dickens, a Trollope, a Jane Austen—or a Faulkner, an O'Hara, a Wolfe—is no longer an experience that is limited to a few very rich patrons. It is a pleasure that can, and should, be enjoyed by anyone with intelligence, sensitivity and taste.

This courteous and high-minded job offer now touches on the qualifications of Corresponding Readers. These are heralded and subsequently described in what appears to be a confidential

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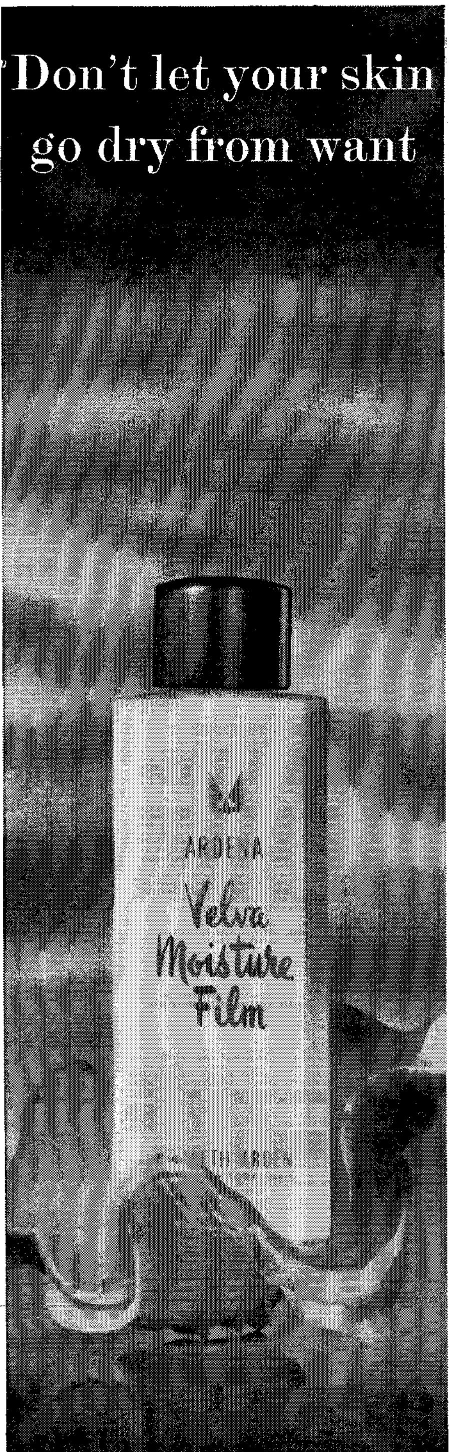

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aside, since the four paragraphs bearing on them are enclosed in parentheses:

> (It may interest you to know the basis on which individuals are proposed as Corresponding Readers.)
>
> (In every community, there are a certain number of people whose intellectual and artistic interests are manifest from their professional and social affiliations, and from the variety of cultural activities they are interested in and support.)
>
> (From listings like these are selected those individuals who are most likely to be genuinely interested in furthering the program's activities.)
>
> (Although these activities now embrace nearly every major community in America, the program's funds are limited, and it is economically impossible to invite Readers personally. We hope you will understand our using this form letter to write to you.)

Next, Mr. Lear, pluckily forging ahead on his limited budget, observes, "Few organizations in publishing have as distinguished a record for 'discovering' new authors as Random House and Alfred A. Knopf. Over the years, they have published the first novels of many winners of the Nobel Prize and of the Pulitzer," and adds that Random House "was the first publisher to recognize the genius of a struggling young writer named Irwin Shaw." He then calls the roll of a number of other talented house authors—"such well-known story tellers as Isak Dinesen and Truman Capote, and humorists like Mac Hyman . . . such internationally acclaimed writers as Thomas Mann, Jean-Paul Sartre, Albert Camus and E. M. Forster, along with such distinguished 'native sons' as Conrad Richter . . . such contemporary novelists as Shirley Anne Grau, Alan Sillitoe . . ."—and continues, with rare compassion:

> For every writer who goes on to fame and fortune, of course, there are scores who are equally deserving, but whose names and talents are relatively unknown. It is to assist authors like these that the position of Corresponding Reader has been established—*to give new writers the benefit of criticism, support and encouragement* from a representative body of intelligent, perceptive laymen.
>
> As a Corresponding Reader, you will be invited to preview from six to nine new novels each year in advance of publication, and whenever convenient, to let the publisher know your reactions.
>
> With each new book sent for you to review is enclosed a brief form designed to make it as easy as possible for you to state your opinion.
>
> *Appraisals may be as long or as short as you like.* One member recently submitted a twelve-page criticism which she had originally prepared as a report for a local literary group. Another simply summed up his reaction in two words ("Loved it!").
>
> *It is not necessary for you to state your*

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As stated previously, there is no remuneration for serving as a Reader. Most Readers find reward enough in knowing that they are helping to further the great tradition of American letters, and in experiencing the satisfaction of helping to guide the careers of deserving new writers.

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In some instances, copies may be autographed, which adds to their interest and value.

Moreover, remember that as a Reader your discount is as high as twenty per cent which means that a book normally costing $3.50 can be made available to you at only $2.80.

Please note that Readers are under no obligation whatsoever, and may resign at any time by notifying the Secretary in writing.

With each book you preview, you will also receive a selection of material designed to give you a better background for forming an opinion. These materials include:

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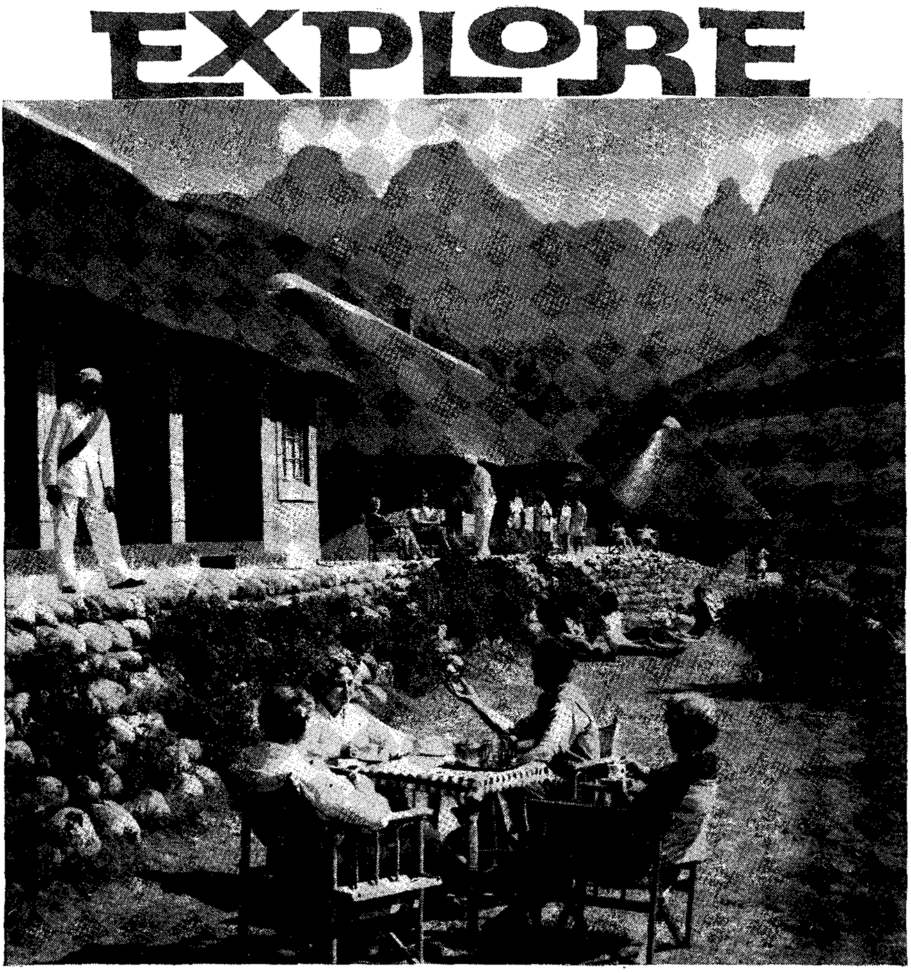
. . . Since the number of vacancies is, of



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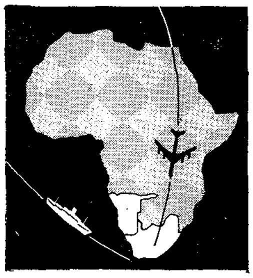

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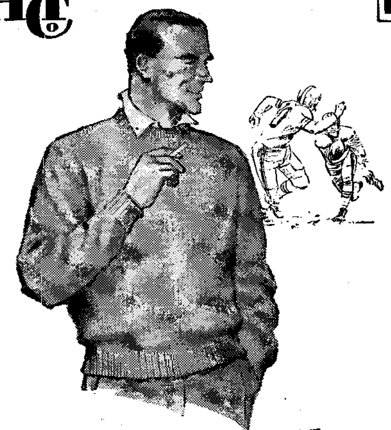
course, limited, *we would appreciate knowing your decision by return mail.*

SHADES of Major George Haven Putnam, or, for that matter, Alfred A. Knopf! As an intelligent, knowledgeable, perceptive layman, full of sensitivity and taste, eager to guide the careers of my betters— But no. Let us discard a narrow subjectivity (and the first person singular for the plural—for, as an acknowledged custodian of archives, we feel every bit as ex cathedra as J. S. Lear) and state our reaction to this program in an objective report, which, in order to make it as easy as possible to read, we have divided into eight parts, or as many as a spider has legs. Will this involve us in a tasteless libel action? Probably not, for most of the characters and situations it reflects are patently not actual ones; the *mise en scène* is Surrealist, and the author's original intention of offering his findings to Scudder, Stevens & Clark as a piece of investment research has, of necessity, gone by the board. Instead, the following notes may serve to alert one of the more thoughtful foundations to the desirability of a full-scale study of creative publishing in this country:

1. Why does the Nominator find it necessary, especially in approaching an intelligent Reader, to indulge in so many repetitions—a request for a reply "by return mail" in his second and last paragraphs (but note the change from "indicating acceptance" to "knowing your decision;" is this not evidence of a growing lack of confidence, dismally out of place in a rallying cry for "friends"?); two reassuringly emphatic "under no obligation whatsoever"s; two gracious permissions to resign at will; two manly warnings (or could J. S. Lear be a lady?) that there is no remuneration for service (how flattering the suggestion that the Reader's advice and encouragement are sought in a cause too fine for such vulgarity!); two mouth-watering references to the privileged availability of a $3.50 book for $2.80 (or, conceivably, $3.15); and two underscorings of the delicious advance-of-publication, before-they-are-made-available-to-the-general-public literary windfalls open to Fortune's favorites, who are twice credited with intelligence and perceptiveness? Let us forgive the two "for examples"s, with an appreciative nod toward the first one, which thus offhandedly introduces the nub of the Random House offer: the formation of a book club operating right out of Madison Avenue headquarters, with no nonsense about middlemen.

2. What contributions *could* be so-



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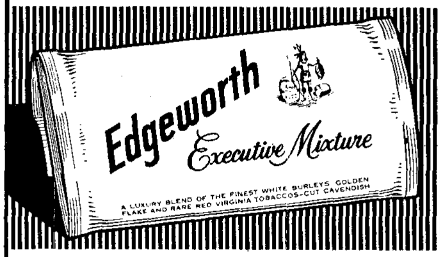
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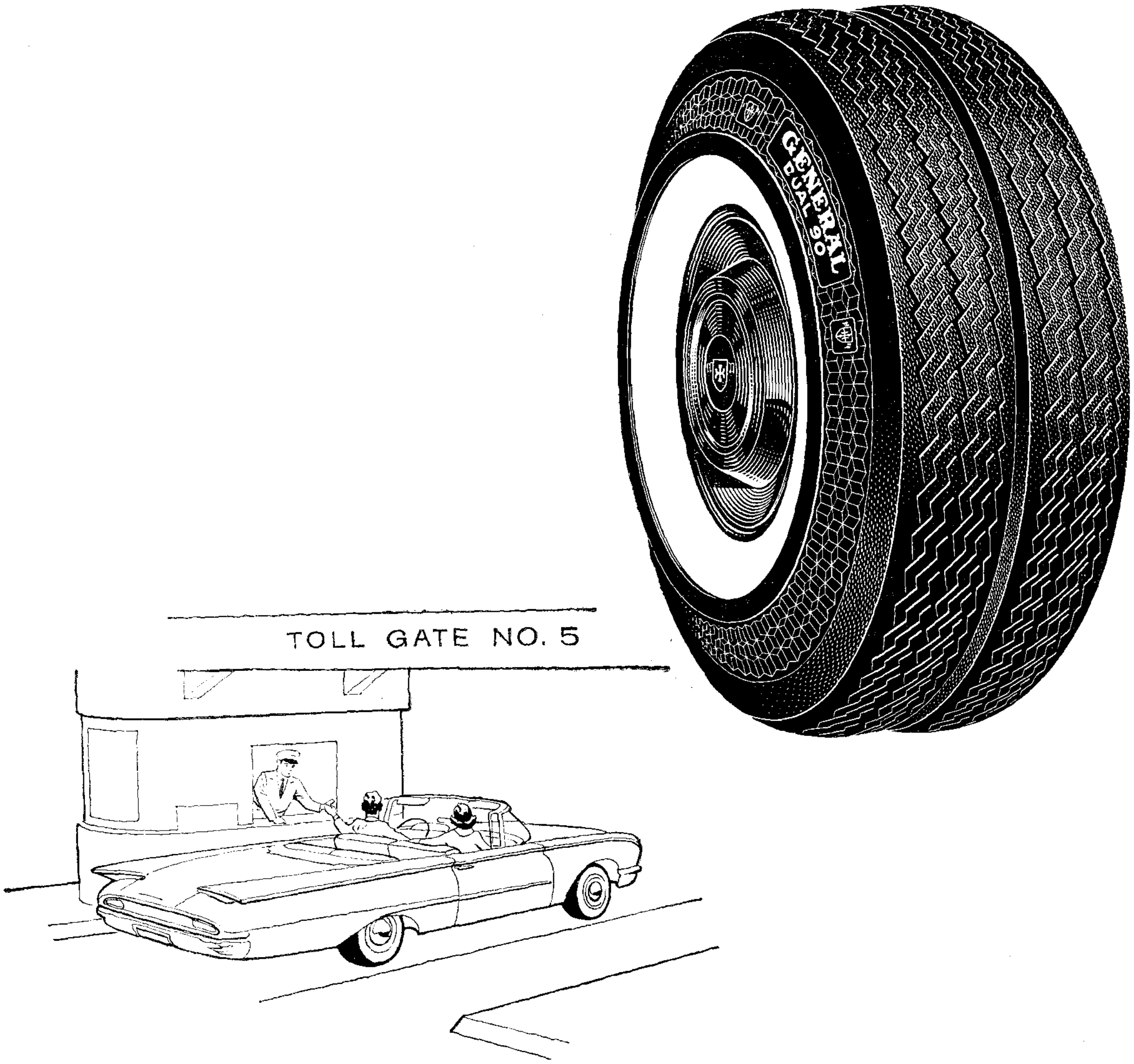

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licited? Does Random House mean to imply that it might *charge* its advisers for helping it uncover new writers and for publicizing such seasoned house authors as Mac Hyman and Thomas Mann in club talks and literary exhibitions? The self-equation of this sensational stock-market performer with the Metropolitan Opera House and the Museum of Modern Art is itself a touch of genius, and worth the attention of the S.E.C., but do not these sister cultural institutions enjoy a tax-exempt-gift status, as Random House, needless to say, does not? Who ever heard of a non-tax-exempt contribution in today's world, unless to those near and dear, among whom, we fear, we do not number J. S. Lear? (No need to keep this report prosy, is there?)

3. As for the services of Corresponding Readers to "literature" and to the furtherance of "the great tradition of American letters," doesn't Random House have in mind the literature and letters, *belles* and otherwise, of one particular publishing firm, or combo, out of the many in this book-ridden land? Or does it stand ready to send along, prepublication and at a miserable discount (Marboro Book Shops will sell you new books on a far more generous basis, with no strings attached), those of Doubleday, Harper, and Clarkson N. Potter? Down with solipsism! And where does that "American" reference leave the Dinesens, the Manns, the Sartres and Camuses, the Forsters, and the new imports coming up? *A bas* jingoism! Up with Blanche Knopf and hands across the sea!

4. How curious (to whittle chauvinism down still further) that of the three cited contemporary discoveries—Faulkner, O'Hara, Wolfe—two should be Random House boys! Today's world, if it is to survive, must avoid such weighted categories. And was the uncovering of this trio, or even that of Dickens, Trollope, and Jane Austen, an experience limited to a few very rich patrons? What does G. K. Chesterton reveal about Dickens in the Encyclopædia Britannica? He reveals that in Dickens' early twenties his signature, "Boz," under his prose sketches in the *Old Monthly Magazine*, "had become a recognized pseudonym when Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the publishers, approached him with the suggestion of a larger scheme [the Pickwick Papers];" that Dickens was, at twenty-four, "launched as a popular writer and a power in the world;" and that all his early novels, which appeared serially in magazines, "were anticipated eagerly like bulletins." What does this percep-

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tive repository say of Trollope? It says that at the time he wrote "Barchester Towers," his first successful book, he had "plenty of time for hunting" and "is said to have been the inventor of the pillar-box," and that before long "he was earning on the average £4,500 a year . . . found leisure to hunt three times a week during the season, played whist daily, and had plenty of time for social enjoyments." Surely this gadabout Nimrod needed (and had) no rich patrons. What of Jane? It took her over a lifetime to catch on, to be sure, but she lived at home, she did not marry, and she had nary a rich patron. (What is a pillar box? It's a British mailbox, you unknowledgeable native son.)

5. When we first read that bit about there being scores of equally deserving but relatively unknown writers for every one who went on to fame and fortune, our first thought, of course, was, Well, in that case, Random House doesn't know its own business—i.e., to get this galaxy out of the woods. But, lo and behold, Lear's next sentence indicates that these characters *are* Random House authors, languishing in an ill-merited obscurity that the firm's rescue operation apparently has not cured, and that still calls for a delivering push from the Corresponding Reader, if convenient. This qualification seems to us to negate Random House's major stated purpose, and is, perhaps, at the heart of the program's failure to date. For if the Corresponding Reader, after manning his post, shirks his correspondence (with no Damoclean sword from the Secretary to keep his nose to the grindstone), what hope is there of President Cerf's figuring out his print orders, of relaying a pertinent "Loved it!" to Faulkner and the rest (or, God save the mark, an impertinent "Hated it!"), or, indeed, of developing this country's new generation of writers? Can his redoubtable firm, despite its stock-market value of thirty-eight million dollars (we got *this* out of a Random House stock prospectus in our archives), be the Worried Man of Madison Avenue? What can its admitted dependence on outside, malingering lay groups for advice, encouragement, and guidance betoken but a severe case of the shakes?

6. We cannot understand why, in our prospectus, the Corresponding Readers Officer's name fails to show in the list of Random House officers and directors. Eighteen individuals grace this list, including (needless to say) President Cerf, Executive Vice-President Donald S. Klopfer, and eight other assorted vice-presidents—but no

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J. S. Lear. Bugs aside, Lear is doing a terrific job. Omission from management—and "Principal Holders of Common Stock"—is no way to reward a recruiting officer who has transmogrified an invitation to buy half a dozen books a year (sight unseen) at a modest discount into a national program. And what a brave little program, with an exchequer so limited that it must needs fall back on a form letter to enlist its intellectual and artistic cohorts rather than invite them personally, presumably by having Mr. Cerf or Mr. Knopf drop in at their studies and ateliers! But why *is* its cupboard so bare? Random House earned nearly three million dollars last year (our archives again), and, over and above satisfaction rewards, it yielded Mr. Cerf, Mr. Klopfer, and Mr. and Mrs. Knopf salaries aggregating $190,000. But no matter; we will try to understand. We embrace you, Mr. Lear, and it is our sincere hope that you, too, may look forward to privileges and courtesies enabling you to save a minimum of two dollars and ten cents a year on books you may or may not wish to receive. Anyway, we're not sure we *want* Mr. Cerf to drop in; he might catch us at an unintellectual interest—reading a second edition, say, of a non-Random House author.

7. How did that lady who submitted a twelve-page critique locally before getting it into the home office acquire her advance copy? If she was a Corresponding Reader in good standing, was it ethical of her thus to bypass the editors, and, if not, was she patronizing a black market in pre-publication hardbound first editions? First editions do not, on the whole and by the bye, tend to grow in value over the years, as a visit to any second-hand bookshop will show; we ourself once wrote a book, which was remaindered by Dodd, Mead & Company (who have no Corresponding Readers to guide their print orders) and, to the best of our belief, converted into sardines, but a few copies of the First and Only Edition are to be found in the second-hand stores at well below list price. This melancholy sequel, we suspect, is the rule where Faulkner is the exception, and is known as Hellman's Pay.

8. Finally, do readers' reports, facsimile reproductions of letters between publisher and writers, corrected proofs, photographs of authors, and bulletins about activities in the publishing world really help you to evaluate the new literary generation? Are not activities in the publishing world best left unsung, judging by this sample? Readers' reports might influence you unduly, quite

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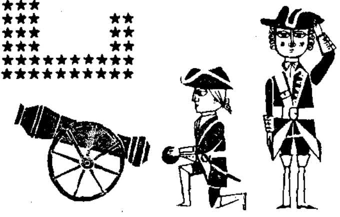

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apart from the feelings of a sensitive layman confronted by an adverse reaction to a work whose bargain price has been made possible by the author's, as well as the publisher's, generosity, and which may be autographed *into* the bargain. Can one bite the hand that feeds one? And what bearing do Jane Austen's looks have on "Pride and Prejudice" or on Emma's dilemmas? "Loved it, ornithologically speaking," might a Corresponding Reader write of "The New Handbook of Attracting Birds," by Thomas P. McElroy, Jr. (a Random House book), "but isn't McElroy getting to look like a moth-eaten owl?" Correspondence between authors and publishers is generally about remuneration, on which Mr. Lear has placed a taboo. What did Henry James write his London publisher when his price for "The Tragic Muse" wasn't met? "Farewell then, my dear Macmillan."

Lear, farewell.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

●

ROBERT MOTHERWELL continues to germinate, in considerable part on Surrealist momentum, a unique universe of plastic fantasy which, in some of these recent works, ignites elements of Gorky, Kline and Still in a prescient, reflexive eclecticism that can be the most exhilarating sort of originality. Motherwell seems to have several kinds of courage; one of them is the courage to monumentalize the polymorphous-perverse world of his inner quickenings; he is the architect of a lyrical anxiety where Gorky was its master scrivener; the liquefied tick of Gorky's id-clock becomes in Motherwell the resonant Versaillean tock, the tall duration of a muralizing necessity that strains to leap its pendulum's arc while carrying a full weight of iconographic potency. Motherwell risks every smother of elegance to dress his lightning analogues in the grand style: *Black and White*, almost 10 feet long, has to stiff-arm Paolo Veronese in its swivel-hipped sprint down the field. Here is a picture that makes a two-handed grab at a voluminous *tutti* of instantaneous power—it is the giant archetype of every graffitous "X" in the world, it is the demiurge in polished chinos careening for his morning chariot, it is the sloppy, all-encompassing eroticism of human beings doing a Buster Keaton split in its silly frustrated joy.—*Art News*.

It isn't just Motherwell who has several kinds of courage.

●

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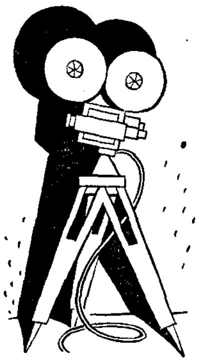
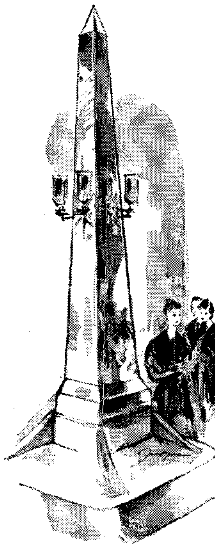


THIS late in our bloody century, who would have expected to encounter yet another long and ambitious movie made from the hundred-times-used materials of the First World War? And in the unlikely event that there existed people foolish enough to risk inventing a sort of "All Quiet on the Big Parade" so many years after the celebrated originals, who would have expected to find them inventing it in Italy, which suffered ignominy as well as frequent defeats in the course of that war and might well wish to leave certain pages of its history unexamined? But Art, like the Almighty, works in mysterious ways its wonders to perform, and here, complete with trenches, barbed wire, horse-drawn cannon, puttees, barracks in stables, bemonocled Austrian officers, and a richly corseted prostitute, is "The Great War," produced by Dino De Laurentiis, directed by Mario Monicelli, and starring Vittorio Gassman, Alberto Sordi, and Silvana Mangano—a thoroughly Italian exploration of the misery and failure that attended Italian troops in the campaign of the Piave. To make matters still more mysterious, the exploration is carried out largely in comic terms, and although we are often in the presence of suffering and death, we are nearly always being invited to laugh even as we mourn, and, marvellous to relate, we *do* laugh. For the most mysterious fact about "The Great War" is that, against all reason, it works—Mr. De Laurentiis and his fellow-artists have managed to take an old, stale, and dispiriting subject and make of it an uncannily fresh and youthful picture, by turns funny and tragic. In short, "The Great War" is a notable, if bewildering, success, and I recommend it highly.

Much of the credit for this success goes to Mr. Gassman and Mr. Sordi, who are brilliant comedians. Mr. Gassman plays the part of Busacca, a petty criminal who, on being drafted, attempts to bribe his way out of the Army but makes the mistake of choosing one Jacovacci as his go-between. Jacovacci, played by Mr. Sordi, at once cheats Busacca, who had had it in mind to



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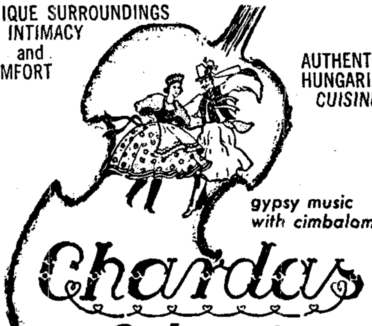

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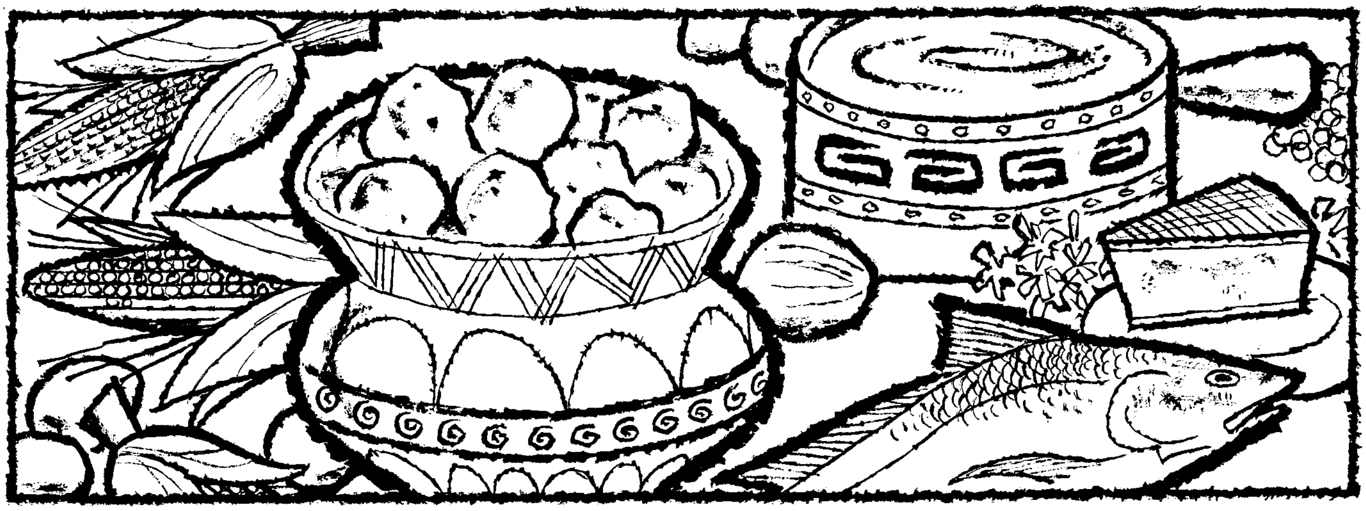

Where oranges are green and lobsters have no claws...

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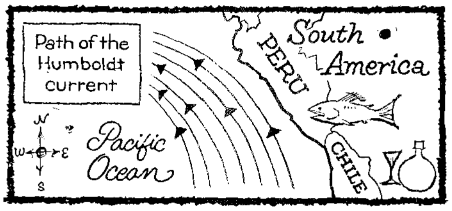

But you'll find the richest harvest of fish along the shores of Chile and Peru. Here the cold Humboldt Current yields seafood unequalled for size and variety.

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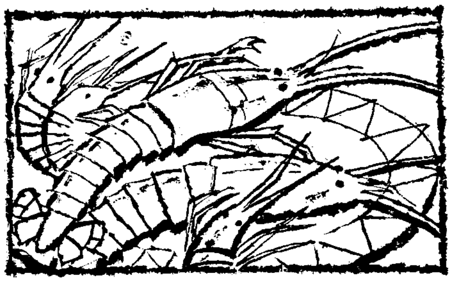

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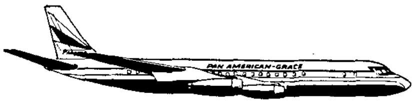

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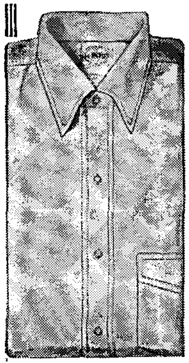

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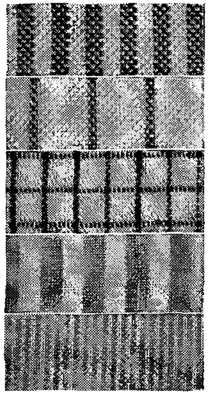

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cheat Jacovacci. Beginning thus as enemies, they become distrustful friends. They intend to devote their Army careers to goldbricking, but so incompetent are they that even this simple goal eludes them, and again and again they wind up being ordered to accomplish the tiresome tasks they have sought to avoid. When Busacca falls in with the local prostitute, played with appropriate warmth by Miss Mangano, more misadventures await him, among them a hand-to-hand struggle with the lady herself, in which what may be a record number of chairs, tables, lamps, and bottles are smashed to smithereens over Busacca's head, not much to his discomfort. Happy days gone by! For soon the campaign against the Austrians is launched, and comedy yields little by little to an exact and very grim depiction of life on that bitter, snow-swept front, already familiar to us from "A Farewell to Arms." Mr. Monicelli has handled the transition from comedy to tragedy with exemplary tact, and it is only in the closing moments, when our heroes are made to suffer a shocking fate, that we feel an uneasy sense of having been pushed too far, of being asked to believe too much; despite the resourcefulness of director and actors alike, the brutal climax of the picture is only too plainly not a necessary consequence of the series of actions that have preceded it but simply a means of bringing the picture to an end. I have no choice but to forgive De Laurentiis and company for their unlucky last step, yet I wish they had found some way to let that pair of scamps follow their habitual practice and, from a lack of wits, outwit the world.

ON a scale of one to a hundred, I give the new French thriller "Purple Noon" a score of eighty-three. (The title comes from Shelley, who would be surprised, as I am.) The picture would deserve an even higher score except for the fact that its makers have pulled an unethical fast one. When it comes to thrillers, everyone is supposed to be on the honor system, and though clues to the solution of a mystery may be artfully disguised, they must at least be present; "Purple Noon" contains a single crucial cheat, in the form of a clue that isn't there, and while I admit that I'm not very good at guessing endings under the best of circumstances, I felt indignant as well as astonished when I discovered that *that* was why the villain wasn't going to get away with what he had seemed so certain to get away with. That that hadn't been hinted at,

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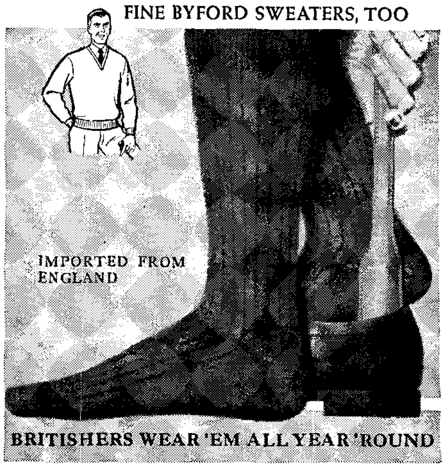

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for heaven's sake! And that that that should then be allowed to make all the difference! Still, there's no denying that the omitted factor provides an absolutely hair-raising climax, so go to the picture on time and resign yourself to agreeable bafflement from start to almost finish.

The hero-villain of "Purple Noon" is played by Alain Delon, the old friend he murders is played by Maurice Ronet, and the girl friend they more or less share is played by Marie Laforet, who is conspicuously worth sharing. The director, René Clément, has taken pains to give us a number of handsome settings, including an old stone house in a fishing village beyond Naples that I hope will be for rent next summer. Most of the main characters are intended to be rich young Americans loafing about Italy, and it's an extra dividend of amusement to see what our French cousins think rich young Americans are like.

"THE HONEYMOON MACHINE" is a ramshackle comedy taken almost bodily from a Broadway play called "Golden Fleecing." An actor named Jack Weston plays the minor role of a drunken, dim-witted sailor with great skill and effect. That is to say, he made me laugh, which nobody else did. Brigid Bazlen, who is terribly pretty and who I'm told will soon be playing Salome, here takes an occasional stab at the role of an admiral's daughter. Perhaps I say "stab" because the admiral is played by Dean Jagger, whom I always think of as Jean Dagger. —BRENDAN GILL

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Unfortunately for students, the Clyman book now fetches a prohibitive price. Another reason for republication is the discovery of new information during the past thirty years, to say nothing of correcting editorial errors.

Another reason for republication is the discovery of new information during the past thirty years, to say nothing of correcting editorial errors.—*From the preface to the second edition of "James Clyman, Frontiersman," edited by Charles L. Camp.*

Luckily, people seldom err.

•

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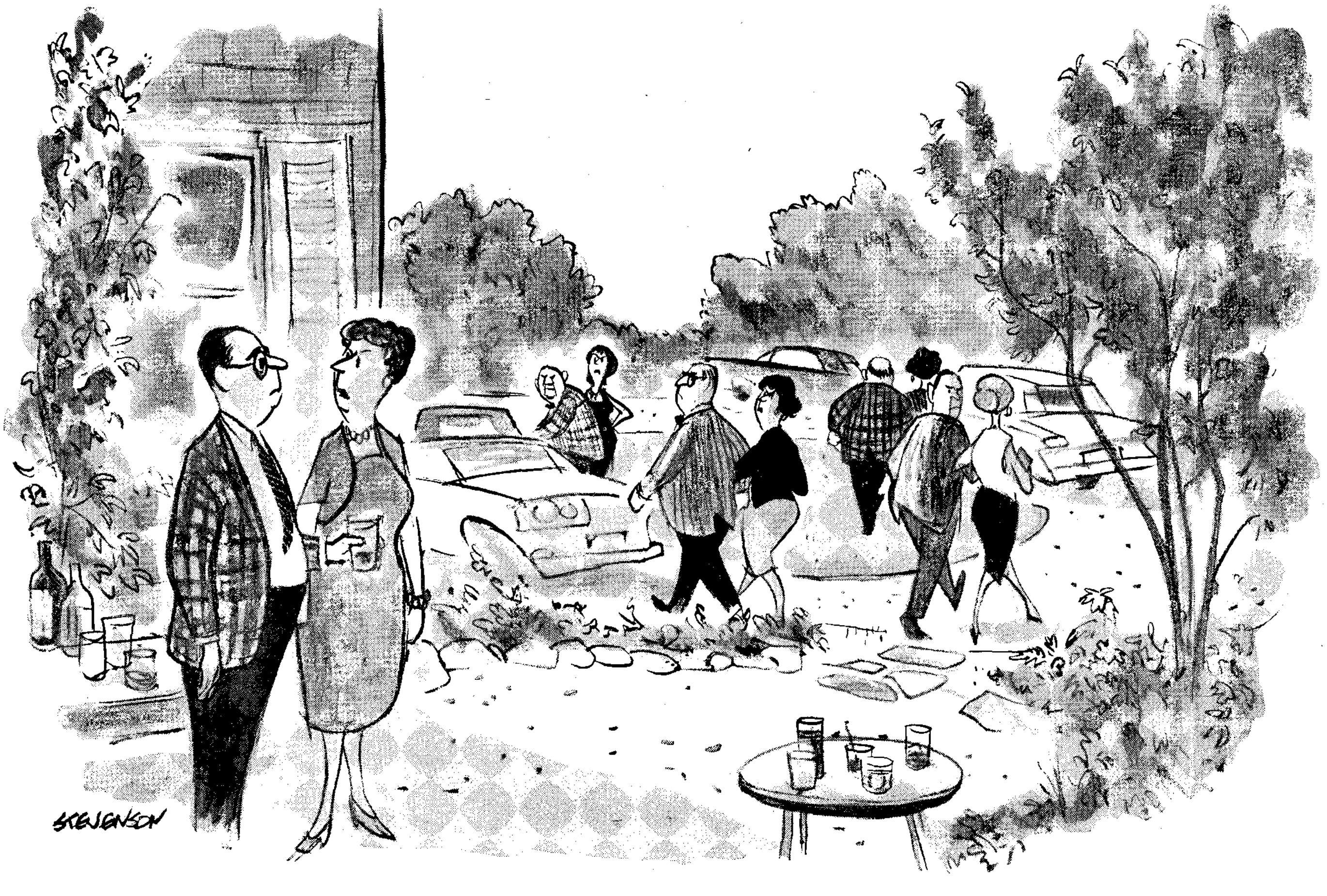
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AUGUST 25

THERE is no certainty here as to whether the Soviet Union's attack on our entire position in Berlin is a notification of its intention to destroy that position at an early date or merely an attempt to strengthen its own case for purposes of negotiation. The record in recent weeks of American and other Western diplomats in reading Soviet intentions has not been one to inspire confidence. A month ago, most of them were persuaded that the Berlin problem had entered a fairly manageable phase and that the basis of Western planning should be the preparation of a series of responses to the probings and harassments that would follow the promised execution of a treaty between the Soviet Union and East Germany. Innumerable committees and task forces here and in London, Paris, and Berlin itself were hard at work on these preparations, and, by and large, no doubt they did their work well. Reports that the sealing off of East Berlin took the West completely by surprise were only partly true. For a good three years, Western intelligence agencies had been in possession of an East German plan—filched by a spy or delivered by a refugee—for the swift construction of exactly the concrete-and-barbed-wire barrier that has been rushed to completion this week. What the West was wholly unprepared for was provocation of this sort, or of almost any sort, in *advance* of the treaty. All Western planning was based firmly on the assumption that whatever trouble there would be would come from the transfer to Herr Ulbricht's Pankow regime of the remaining Soviet responsibilities in Berlin and East Germany. When Khrushchev fooled the Western planners by revising his own schedule, they tended to believe that this was a very special case—that it had happened only because the greatly increased flow of refugees posed so large a threat to the economy of East Germany and to what passes for political stability there that Khrushchev had to yield, probably against his better judgment, to Ulbricht's pleas for authorization to do something about it right away. Indeed, for a time here it was being said by White House and State Department people that Khrushchev seemed to have brought the whole "crisis" to an end. His main concern, it was held, had been the bleeding of East Germany, and he had now put a stop to that; the treaty would follow in due time, and afterward there would be negotiations, which might proceed all the more easily with the refugee question out of the way. This has now turned out to be as poor a piece of prophecy as the ones that preceded it. The savagery of yesterday's Soviet note on the use that the West has made of its air routes into Berlin suggests that Khrushchev means to test our intentions on one of the few things that we have said we would regard as a *casus belli*.

There is no strong tendency here to fault the administration for its unreadiness to deal promptly with the closing of the sector boundary or for the way it dealt with the problem once it had pulled itself together. To let a hundred hours elapse between the closing of the border and the delivery of a Western protest did not help matters, and the note itself was a rather feeble one. But it probably wouldn't have changed anything if a masterpiece of diplomatic rhetoric had been ready for dispatch within a hundred minutes. The West had long ago decided that it would not take any large risks to prevent the Communists from putting a stop to the refugee traffic. It reasoned, for one thing, that not even the broadest interpretation of the occupation protocols could provide it with a



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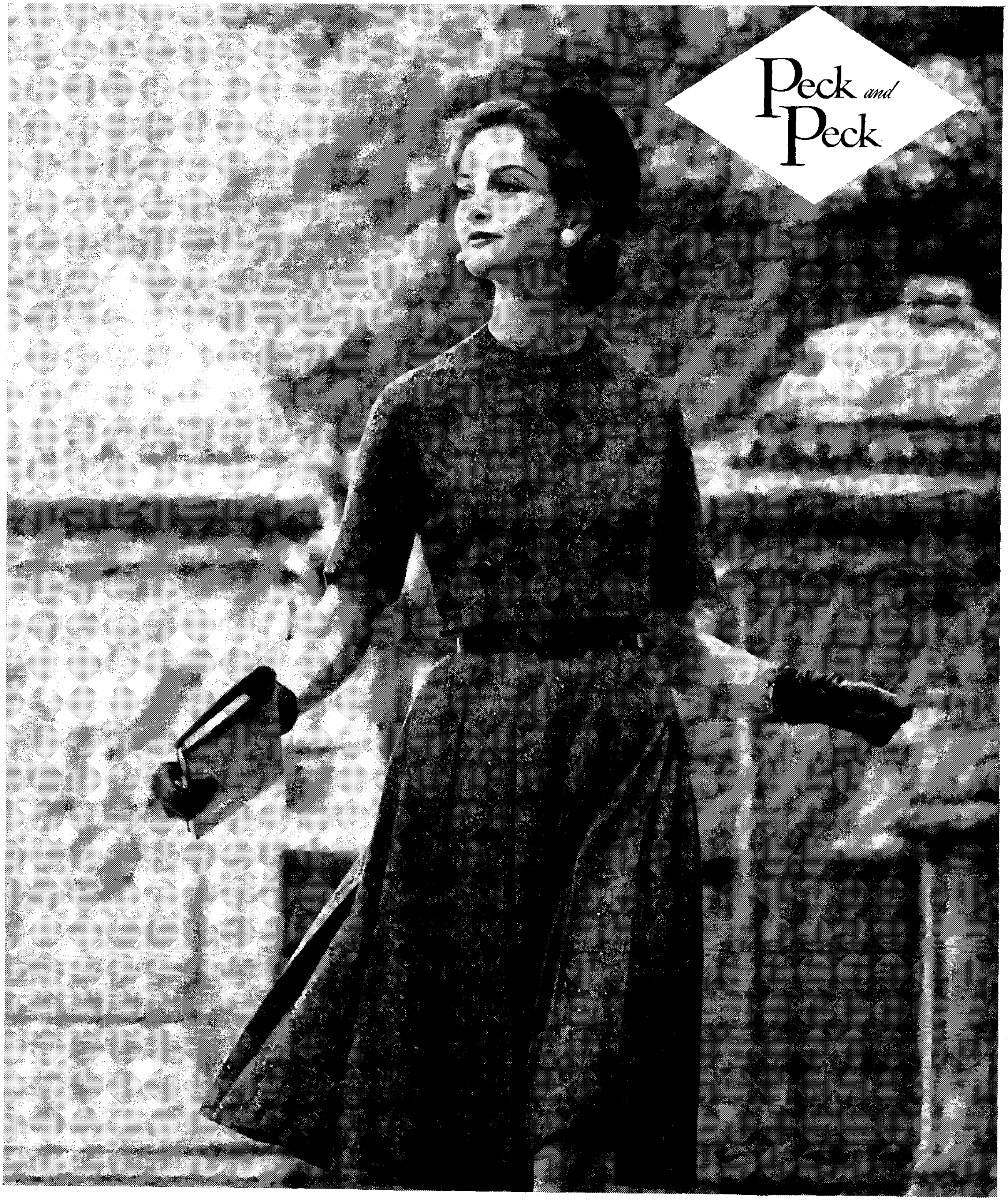

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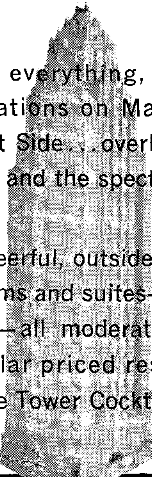

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legal protest against any measures that might be taken in East Germany rather than in East Berlin. The measures that were actually taken on August 13th were quite clearly in violation of the agreements between the Soviet Union and the three Western powers in Berlin, but there were others—such as the imposition of tight controls on travel from East Germany into East Berlin—that would have been legal and would have reduced emigration by about ninety per cent. "The boundary between the Soviet sector and the Western sectors of Berlin is not a state frontier," the Western note said, and the contention could be amply documented, but in entering East Berlin most of the refugees were crossing what the West has always maintained *is* a state frontier. The case might have been taken to the United Nations, but most observers here share the administration view that this would not, in all likelihood, have been a very useful thing to do at the time, for the possibility is strong that a majority of the members—or at least an embarrassingly large minority—would have regarded our talk about the legal rights and wrongs of the situation as being of slight consequence alongside the undisputed and universally prized right of any sovereignty to control its people's comings and goings abroad. (Mr. Nehru announced a couple of days ago that this was his view of the matter. He said he regarded the West's legal case as a conspicuously weak one—though he neglected to point out wherein he felt its weakness lay.) In any event, the Western allies believed that among the many obligations they had undertaken in the last fifteen years there was none that required them to hold ajar a door through which residents of East Germany might enter the West. They believed that they had all they could handle in trying to defend West Berlin, and, in point of fact, they were almost as dismayed as the Communists by the growing number of refugees. They had felt for some time that the continuing depopulation of East Germany must end all hope for any sort of protest movement there, and that if, in the years ahead, the most skilled, intelligent, and independent people insisted on moving to the West, a day would come when the Russians themselves would have to colonize the region. This was not a prospect relished by Washington, Paris, or London.

In the first days after August 13th, there was an attempt in administration circles to maintain that the West had come off with a sizable victory in Ber-

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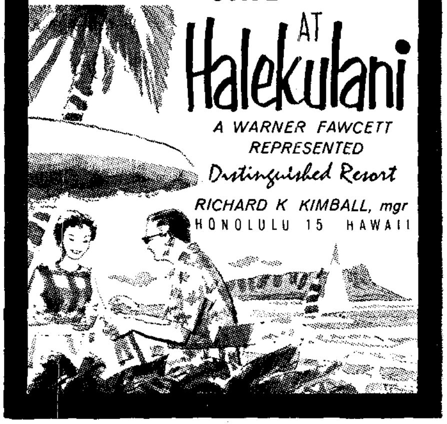

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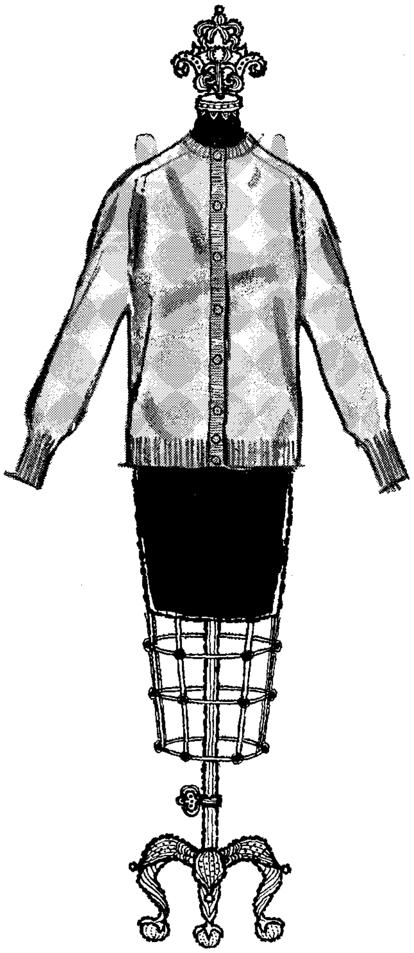
lin. By building a prison wall, Herr Ulbricht, it was said, had been forced to acknowledge that he ran East Germany as a prison. It was repeatedly pointed out that all the propaganda advantages lay with us, and Edward R. Murrow was alerted to see what could be done about exploiting them. The argument may not be without merit, but the tendency here now is to feel that we have sustained a clear defeat—an unavoidable one, probably, but one that is very painful nevertheless. The Russians and the East Germans have made a dead letter of many parts of the Berlin agreements. They have turned the sector boundary into a state frontier and have established the East German Army in Berlin, which the West has consistently said is not part of East Germany and is therefore no place for that army to be. As recently as April, 1960, President Eisenhower said, "We are not going to give up the juridical position that we have [in] Berlin." No responsible Western statesman could say that today, for there is very little left of our juridical position. President Kennedy last Monday defined our present aim as "maintaining the freedom of West Berlin," which has a nobler ring but covers a good deal less ground. Even that freedom is a lesser thing today than it was a couple of weeks ago. West Berliners can no longer employ or be visited by residents of what was formerly the Soviet sector and is now Herr Ulbricht's walled city and the seat of his power. Their right to travel freely in the "Greater Berlin area" described and protected in the occupation statutes has been denied and may never be restored. If the West gets a chance to pursue its present aims by negotiation rather than by force, its position—at least technically—will be poorer than it was before August 13th. While the West was prepared—and, on the whole, willing—to see the Communists exercise their power to keep all East Germans in East Germany, it had expected to make some use of this question in negotiations. It was



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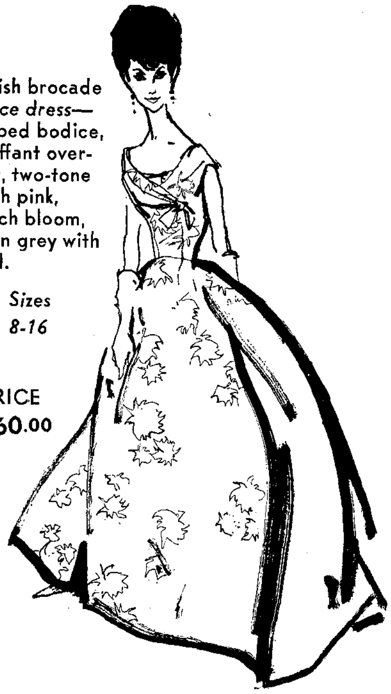

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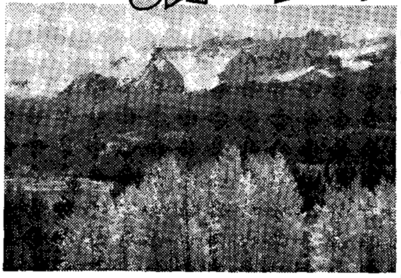

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realized in every Western capital that the principal difficulty of reaching a settlement lay in the paucity of negotiable issues. There were few changes in the status quo to which we could consent, and it was hard to see what the Soviet Union could give us in exchange for any concessions we might make. We could not, of course, have agreed to the changed status of East Berlin that is now a *fait accompli*, but we would have had to indicate that we did not insist on an open escape hatch as a Western *right*, and this might have been helpful from our point of view. Whatever might have been made of it, however, the issue simply does not exist any more, and while negotiations may still take place, the prospects for an acceptable settlement have diminished.

The Soviets, of course, would enter into negotiations with a poorer standing in world opinion than they enjoyed before the events of the past two weeks. They had hoped very much that the meeting of neutralist powers that begins in Belgrade next week would endorse their Berlin claims. It is doubtful now whether anything of the sort will happen. Mr. Nehru said that he thought our legal case a weak one, but he went on to say that this by no means meant that he accepted the morality of the Soviet case. The Soviet Union has made substantially fewer friends than it has lost in recent months, and it has almost certainly lost a good many more in recent days. An awareness of this may, indeed, be emboldening Mr. Khrushchev to further provocations in advance of negotiations. But on the issue at hand the West can take little consolation from any difficulties that Mr. Khrushchev may be having elsewhere, for there are not many ways in which we can benefit from world opinion. If judgments in the matter turned on who was behaving badly and who was behaving well, or even on the appealing issue of self-determination, the advantage might be ours, but we are in the curious and awkward position of having to defend freedom and justice by claiming to have the letter of the law, rather than justice itself, on our side. We may be defending freedom in Berlin, but we are upholding our right to do so on the basis of rights acquired by conquest—rights, in fact, of subjugation. Although Mr. Kennedy has substituted the "freedom of West Berlin" for Mr. Eisenhower's "juridical position," he finds himself required at every turn to go back to the texts and seek a proper juridical argument. This is by no means easy. On the question of our use of the air

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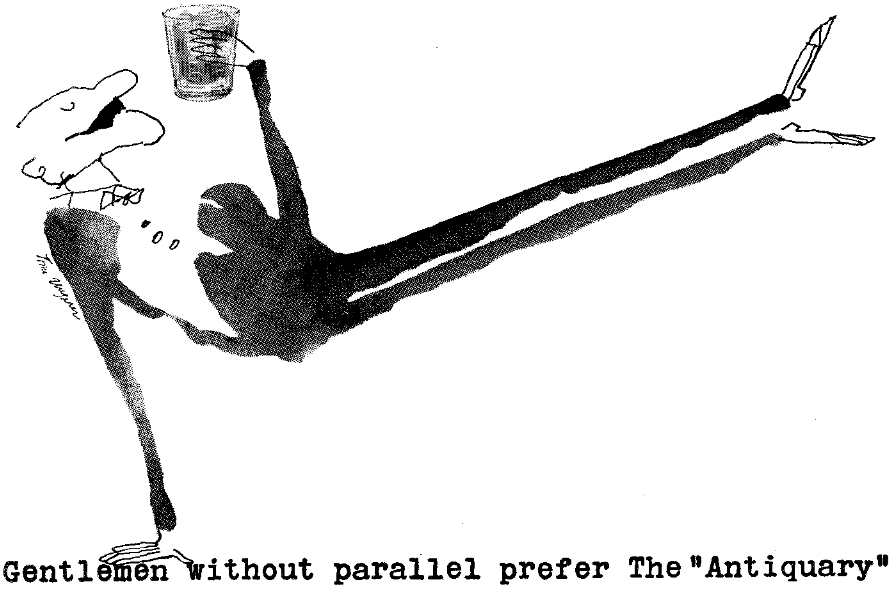
corridors, for example, the Soviets have a case that might very well commend itself to an international court. These routes were established in postwar conferences on the occupation of Germany in order to facilitate the maintenance of military garrisons; since the military authorities were responsible for the German residents of the occupation zones, it was obviously necessary that access be afforded them for bringing in needed supplies. But the Foreign Ministries of the West are hard put to it to find any provision for using the routes to ferry in tourists and ferry out refugees by commercial airliners. The best that anyone could come up with here was a letter from Soviet authorities to the West German airline, Lufthansa, denying it access to Berlin on the ground that only the wartime allies were privileged to fly in the reserved air space. We cannot argue that, regardless of the protocols, access is absolutely necessary to the "defense of freedom," for this would open the way to the Communists' claim that what *they* want is essential to the defense of Communism in Germany, and this would be a claim whose soundness no one could deny.

The "freedom of West Berlin" would obviously disappear if there were no Western presence there, but the Western presence has always had a purely juridical foundation, and we have had to let a good part of the foundation crumble. To be forced to tolerate the presence of the East German Army in East Berlin, and to refrain from bringing this clear threat to the peace before the United Nations, is to weaken the case for our own presence. Plainly, a good many things have changed in the seventeen years since the occupation protocols were drawn up, and there is a legal principle which holds that even the most solemnly recorded agreements are to be valid only for as long as they were intended to be valid—*rebus sic stantibus*, or while circumstances remain the same. Our rights in Berlin arose from the necessity to disarm and control an enemy. We can assert them as vital in the present altered circumstances, but the possibility remains that if the Soviets refuse to acknowledge them and, instead, violate them with acts of war, our choice may be between seeking a quick military victory and running a heavy risk of diplomatic defeat. The administration has faced this choice and would—in the event that war did not "escalate" immediately—try for a settlement, probably under U.N. auspices. It does not regard this choice as the most likely one it will be confronted



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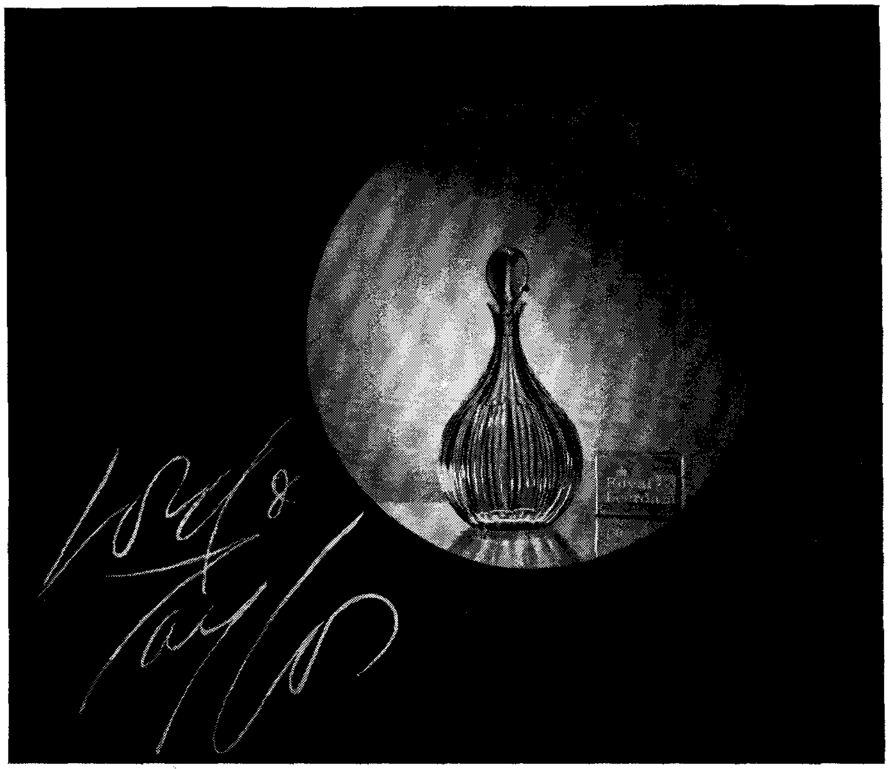

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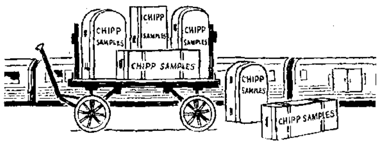

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Sept. 8-9

Houston, Texas • Rice Hotel
Sept. 5-6-7

Philadelphia, Pa. • Bellevue-Stratford Hotel
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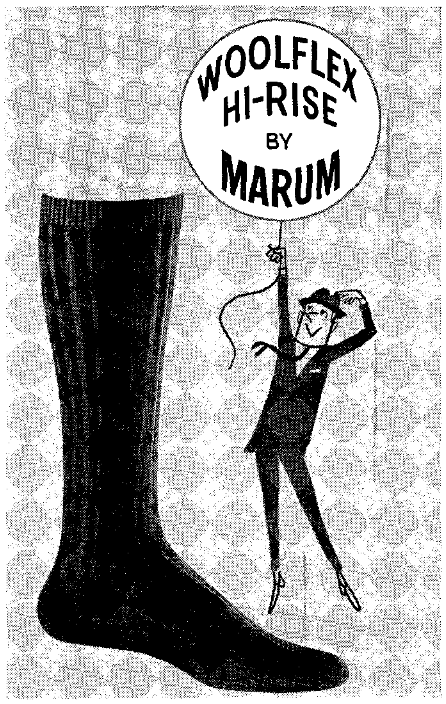

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with. What is still entirely possible is that the Soviet Union, knowing the West to be eager for negotiations, even though reluctant to sue for them, is filling in the time before a conference by breeding all the fear and disunity it can. It may, indeed, be true that Mr. Khrushchev already has the one victory he regards as imperative and is now only making side bets. The tendency here is still to regard him as an essentially prudent Bolshevik and to suppose that he would consider it foolish to seek by force what he thinks he can gain by waiting. But the events of the past two weeks have called all such appraisals into question, and this is today a most uneasy city. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

OLD FARM
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The ground that lies between Montrose Road and Tuckerman Lane, the ground that is composed of Chester loam and some Manor loam, the ground that in earlier years was given such wonderful names as Wheel of Fortune, Allison's Discontent, Scruggs' Hill, Resurvey of Millie's Discontent and I Will Not Yet I Will, the ground that once was completely covered with the straight ash and hickory, the fragrant rooted sassafras, the fruiting black walnut and all the varied colored oaks from black to red to the white which is the soundest building material of them all, the ground that in 1632 was a part of the charter granted to George Calvert, first Lord of Baltimore, by Charles I of England, the ground that in 1670 you had to have 50 acres of same to vote, the ground that in 1810 you did not need to own to vote, the ground that in 1862 ever so imperceptibly felt the hoof beats of Col. Jeb Stuart's cavalry horses passing quietly and under night's cover along the Rockville Pike, the ground that first offered to its inhabitants food, clothing and shelter, then only food and shelter and finally only shelter, the ground that has been fought over, worked over, and loved over . . . the same ground that is all of these things is there today. True, a very thin layer of its topsoil is at the bottom of Chesapeake Bay; true, some of its trees are structures elsewhere, but the ground is still the same.

OPENING SOON
BY KETTLER BROTHERS, INC.
—*Adv. in the Washington Star.*

Just the ground for the man who.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch*]

LONG BEACH, CALIF. (AP)—A pack of sharks appeared off Long Beach harbor, and the Navy and the Coast Guard opened fire. Riflemen hit a six-footer and a nine-footer.

Later yesterday, they stopped congratulating each other on their marksmanship.

Alan Paine

Men's Doubles. Two handsome versions of the famous club-trim British cable sweater. At most fine stores.
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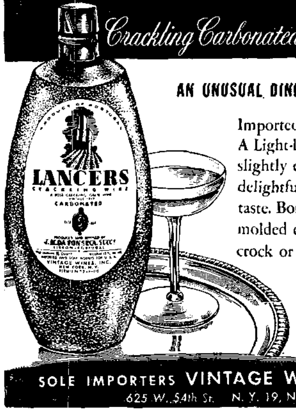

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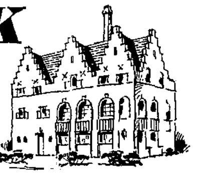

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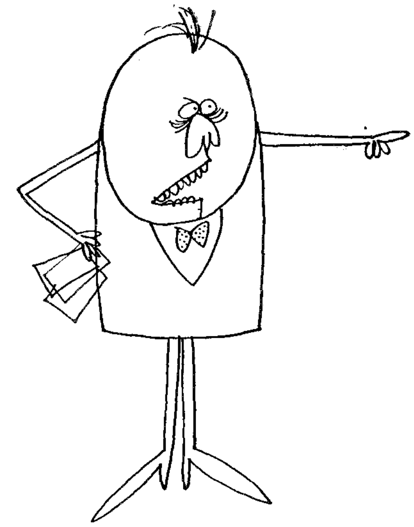
THE RACE TRACK

Web-Footed

THERE can be no question but that George Widener has a real runner in Jaipur—especially on sloppy tracks. On the opening day of the Saratoga meeting, the big dark-bay two-year-old won the Flash Stakes by nearly four lengths in the fastest time ever for the fixture, and last Saturday—closing day—he won the Hopeful by six lengths in 1:16⅖, which is only two-fifths of a second slower than the course record for six and a half furlongs. (That record, as it happens, was set by Hail to Reason on a fast track in the same race a year ago.) On both occasions, the footing was sloshy. Of course, the big surprise—and to many the big disappointment—was Sir Gaylord, winner of his last five starts, who finished third, five lengths behind Su Ka Wa. It was obvious, even on the screen of my television set, that he didn't like the going. Frankly, I thought the Hopeful was a tame affair. Su Ka Wa, inactive since May, took the lead quickly and held it to the turn into the stretch, where Jaipur, who had never been worse than third, moved up and passed him easily. Meanwhile, Sir Gaylord, who always begins slowly, had been doing his utmost to close on the leaders, but he could make little impression on them, although Su Ka Wa was obviously tiring. It was Mr. Widener's third Hopeful. Jack High won it for him in 1928 and Battlefield in 1950. Remember them?

Nobody knows what makes a mudder. It is said that short-striding horses are better suited to wet going than long-striders, but there are countless exceptions. As a matter of fact, Jaipur is a long-strider. Besides, there are many degrees and varieties of muddy track, and a liking for one kind may not indicate an ability to run well on all kinds. In my opinion, it's often the fear of slipping that disconcerts a horse. This was the first time Sir Gaylord had run on wet footing, so I'm not going to put him down as a non-mudder. For that matter, not even Jaipur's stable knows how well Jaipur would go on a deep, a heavy, or a drying-out track, each of which is quite different from a sloppy one. Anyhow, wet or dry, he'll have many supporters for the Futurity, scheduled



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Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed

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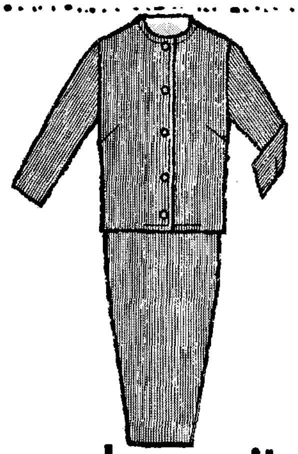

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to be run off at Belmont Park on September 16th. The Hopeful was his third victory in four starts. In the fourth, the Saratoga Special, he was beaten two lengths by Battle Joined, to whom he gave six pounds. Since it's generally agreed by handicappers that three pounds equal a length, Jaipur and Battle Joined are even Stephen.

NOW that the strike of the stable-hands is settled, I shouldn't be at all surprised if the thirty-day meeting that was transferred from Aqueduct to Belmont Park so that the horses wouldn't have to cross the picket lines were returned to the Big A in a week or two. Oh, well. I'm not the only one who will be sorry.

NO doubt about it, Saratoga did all right, after a slow beginning. On the whole, the racing was on a high level, and everybody was pleased. Although his Sir Gaylord was beaten in the Hopeful, C. T. Chenery brought off a double with his two-year-old filly Cicada. Early in the meeting, she took the Schuylerville Stakes, and last Wednesday she won the Spinaway. She barely made it in the latter, squeezing through the narrowest of openings at the finish to beat Pontivy by a neck. Another lively event during the closing week was the Sanford Handicap, at a mile and five furlongs over the turf course. Harmonizing struck his winning stride in that one, and now Colonel Martingale would like to see a match between him and Don Poggio.

WELL, Carry Back is back, and as good as ever. In his first start since his mishap in the Belmont last June, he gave weight and a beating to half a dozen seasoned older racers at Atlantic City on Saturday, polishing them off with a spectacular run through the stretch. He's booked for the Jerome Handicap at Belmont this weekend.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

"Come right on up," said the telephone. "I'll leave the door open, I'm in the shower." On Huston's coffee table were pages of line drawings scribbled on foolscap—jumping bulls, bucking horses—plus an antique book entitled *The Kafirs of the Hindu-Kush* by Sir George S. Robertson, K.C.S.I. "Make yourself a drink," came a call from the bedroom; and eventually Huston framed himself in the doorway. In his old denim bush jacket and velvet evening pumps encrusted with the golden emblems of the Galway Blazers, he looked like an outsized portrait of Huckleberry Finn as painted by John Singer Sargent.

—*Alice T. McIntyre in Esquire.*

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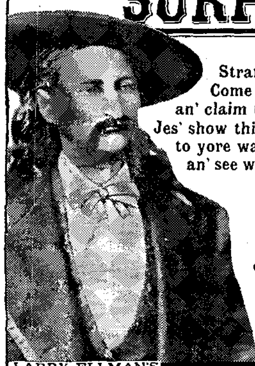

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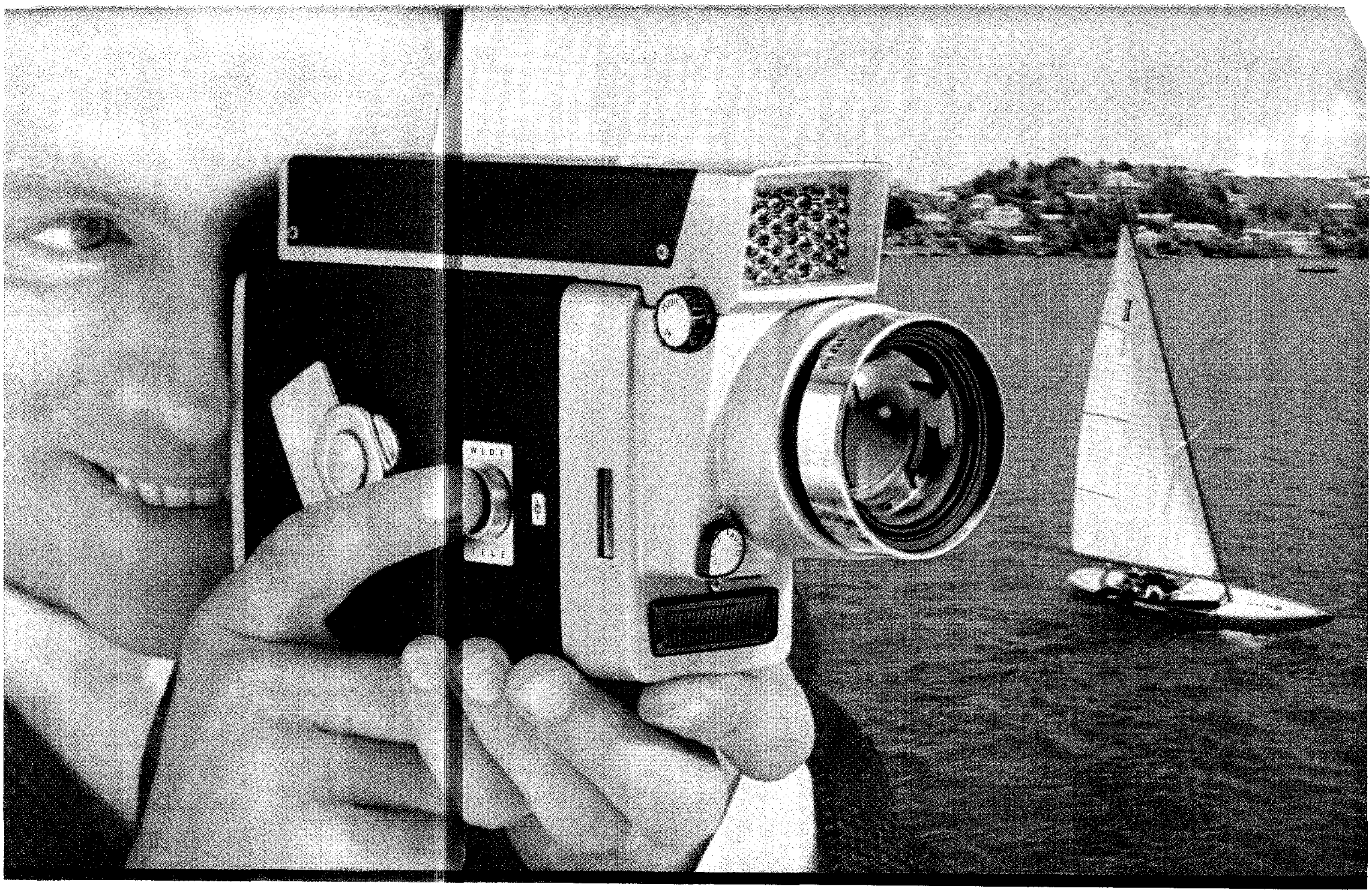

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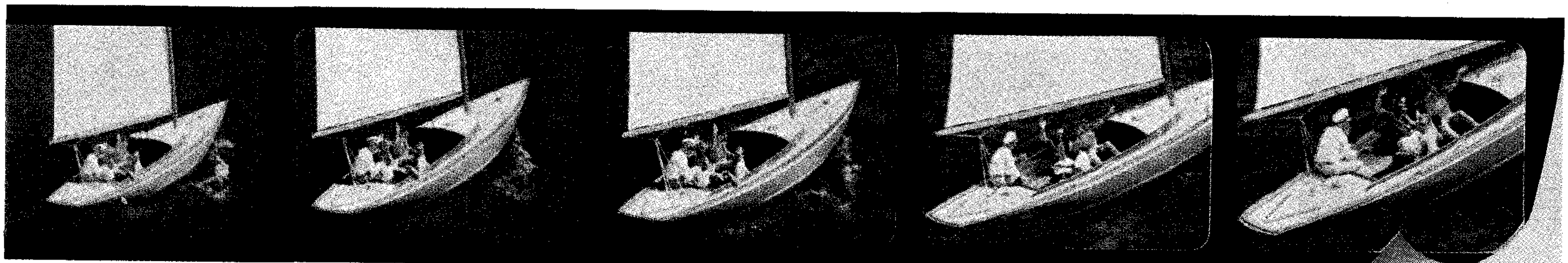

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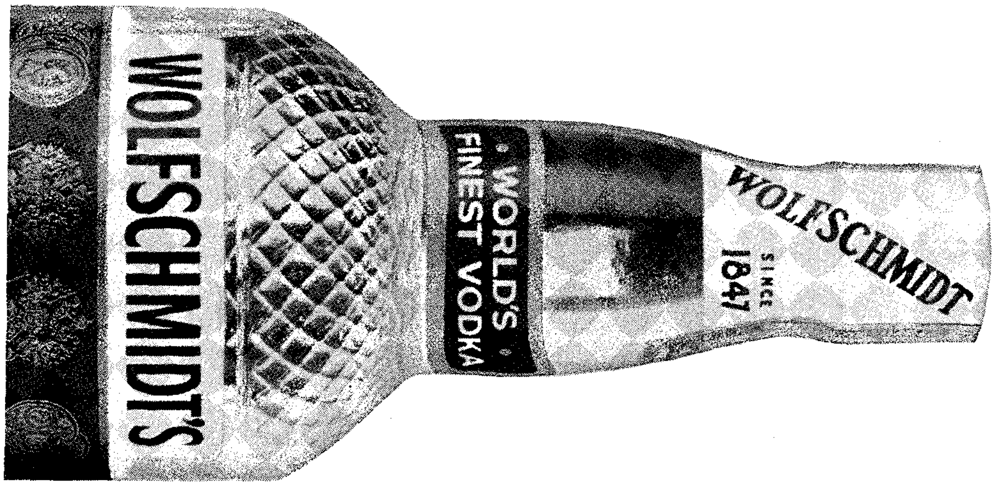
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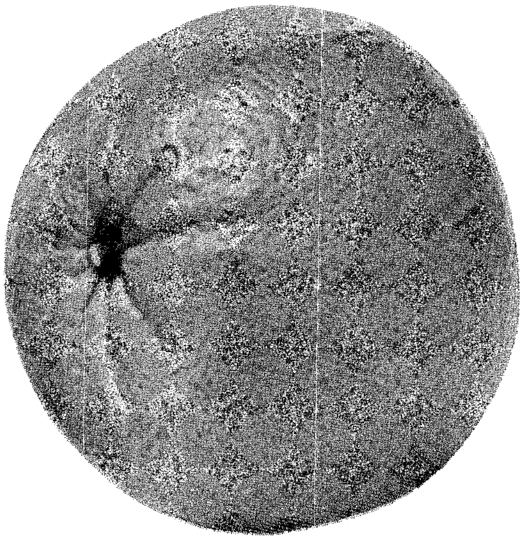

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BOOKS

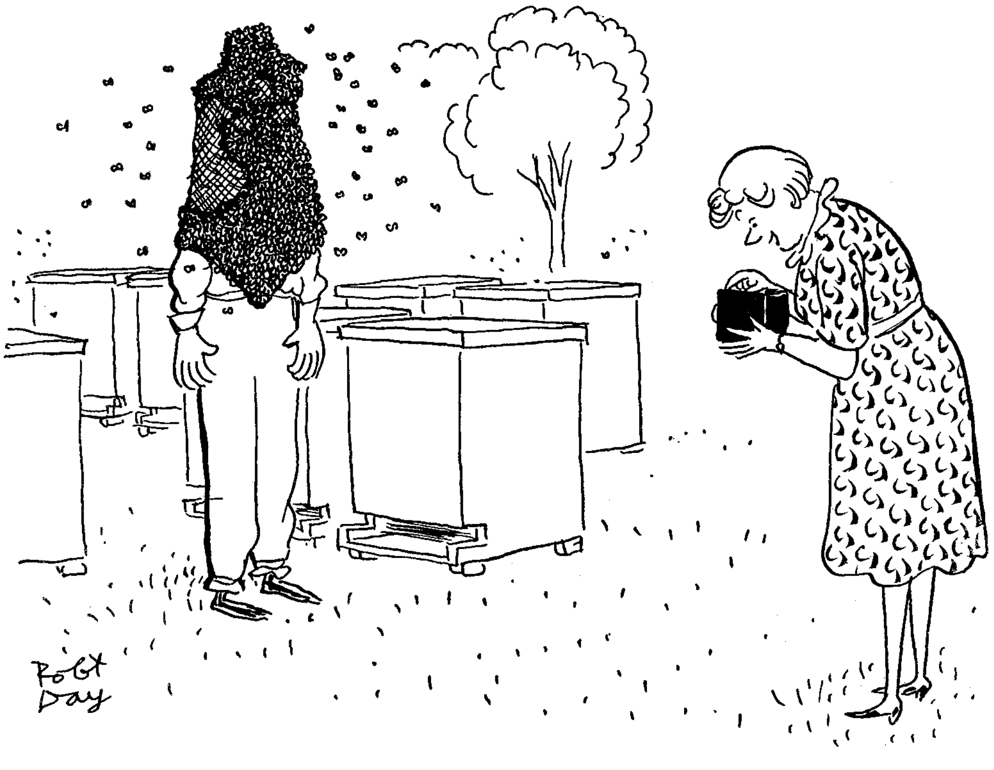
And Be the Stoat Under It

AUBERON WAUGH's first novel, "The Foxglove Saga" (Simon & Schuster), was well received in England and makes its début here introduced by a trio of stout literary uncles whose thwacks of friendly praise any young writer would be proud to feel tingling between the shoulder blades—if they did not totally fell him, that is. "Only once this fifty years, I think," writes Uncle Graham Greene to the author, as quoted on the jacket, "has there been a first night like this—and that too was in the Waugh family." Uncle John Betjeman directs his hearty congratulatory thump toward the publishers: "He deserves to sell in thousands. This is not just because he is Evelyn's son, but because he is a born novelist." Uncle Malcolm Muggeridge, apparently talking to himself, muses, "The most brilliant work by a young author that I have read in years." And finally, taking no notice of Uncle Graham's further remark to Mr. Waugh that "you are going to suffer a lot of irritation when reviewers compare you to Evelyn," Simon & Schuster come right out with it on the inside flap of the jacket. "Here, in a word," they say, "is this decade's 'Vile Bodies'!"

Here, in several words, is something to make one feel cheerful, and the opening chapters of "The Foxglove Saga" do nothing to cloud the anticipation. Just as Uncle John says, Mr. Waugh is a born novelist. His story gets off like a house on fire—bright, crackling, and deadly, trapping each character neatly and speeding on to seek whom it may devour next. It begins at Cleeve, a Roman Catholic public school in England, where his little victims are playing, regardless of their doom, while the monks of the community discuss, not without relish, the cancer and imminent Christian death of one of their number, old Brother Thomas. It is Brother Thomas, a gently drawn character in a gallery of people Mr. Waugh does not appear to like much, who later speculates about young Martin Foxglove, the darling of fortune and all beholders, "I wonder what it feels like to be as beautiful as that and to know that everybody will always love you." The monk's affectionate diagnosis turns out to be incorrect (a disillusioned friend refers permanently and nastily to Foxglove, when they are both out in the world, as "Tart"), but for quite a time it feels great.

The story tracks the decline, if not the absolute fall, of a couple of Martin's school friends, and the handsome paying off of his own policy of looking the innocent Foxglove and being the cool, mean operator under it. At Cleeve, he indulges in an out-of-character friendship with a successful Nottingham dentist's son, one Kenneth Stoat—"ugly, unloved, and prickly as a hedgehog"—but pretty soon he has got on to the idea that animal combinations, even including doglike devotion, are not the useful qualities one needs in a chum, and he prudently ditches Stoat and takes up with a more suitable friend called Pratt-Bingham. Martin's mother, Lady Foxglove, whom Martin loathes with filial fervor, is a real comic creation—a lovely, prodigiously pious creature, always turning up at Cleeve to keep an eye on her son's soul and to dazzle susceptible Brother Aloysius and poor, grubby Stoat. She is no less implacable in cheering the dying, however reluctant they are to be cheered, and in brightening the lives of the deserving sick and poor inexpensively with pots of her famous homemade gooseberry jam. Floating on her rounds of good works in an aura of delicious scent—her own personal Odor of Sanctity—and taking a little reviving snifter of Lourdes-water-and-orange-juice when People become Too Awful, Lady Foxglove may be said to be the novel's heroine, since there is no other major female character, and she is both poisonous and hilarious.

After Cleeve, the characters slide off into an outside world of increasingly grotesque complications. Stoat, having left under a cloud, kicks over the parental traces and hitches up temporarily with a shady young man who sells stolen junk on a barrow in Petticoat Lane. Martin and O'Connor, another Cleeve friend whom he speedily sheds in the Foxglove interests, join a famous airborne Commando regiment that Mr. Waugh calls the Pigs. Martin, more glamorous than ever in his dashing yellow Pigs' beret, gets a commission right away, while O'Connor disappears, after a series of bizarre misfortunes, first into the military clink and then into Sister Cardew's Home for the Mentally Infirm, a cozy little Bedlam in Brighton. Mr. Waugh shows the same interest exhibited by an older and extremely brilliant English comic writer, Muriel Spark, in the world of institutions for the mentally or physically infirm, in death and disease, and in the sad indignities and ludicrous defeats to which the aging



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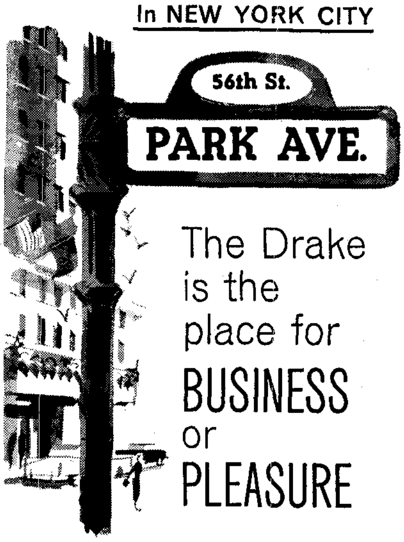
flesh is subject. Before looking in on the high jinks at Sister Cardew's, we have already followed Brother Thomas in his move from Cleeve to the Annie Zunz (Chest) Ward of the Royal Bermondsey Hospital, where his former pupil Sir Derek Foxglove, Martin's father, is senior surgeon. Here the old man dies, but not before he has been whisked off by Lady Foxglove for a brief, chilling sojourn in a nursing home in Paddington, a holy establishment run by nuns, where silence is the rule and Brother Thomas is forced to keep his spirits up by making lists of all the words he can remember beginning with "b" and taking himself on at Up Jenkins with a pajama button. The life of the wards is observed with brisk clinical detail—the morning specimens, the evening aperients tray, the pre-operation enema, and the rest of the horrors:

> It was Nurse Herring's job to keep an eye on the patient during the transfusion, and she should have noticed the signs of rigor as soon as they appeared, and she, of course, should have noticed if the drip gadget had speeded up to a hundred and twenty a minute, as she told him in confidence afterward.

The problem in the extremely precarious job of writing a comic satirical novel must be to keep a framework of solid observation that attaches the characters and incidents, however farcical, to life. Even if exaggerated, the underpinnings must be there, one feels, and at Cleeve and in the hospital and in the Pigs' training-camp section they are. But now fantasy runs riot and the whole thing takes a nasty sag with Mr. Waugh's invention of a repulsive infant monster called Tarquin, born fully toothed, with one rocklike blue eye and one swivelling brown one, and hairless except for bright-red fuzz on its legs. (By the age of three, it has added a beard.) Lady Foxglove is blackmailed, for reasons too involved to recount, into adopting this gothic tot, who is kept in solitary confinement and Belsen conditions in the old nursery wing until it topples off Martin's old rocking horse and cracks its pate. Here the horrors are merely horrid, and Mr. Waugh, as though bored with the whole thing, hustles the creature to surreptitious burial in the Foxgloves' private chapel and the saga of the Foxgloves to its conclusion. Nobody turns out well, and only Stoat, who goes back to Cleeve as a monk "because there seemed nothing else much to do," appears to have dim hopes of finding an answer somewhere. Martin, whose father has died, comes of age and, now the young master, is able

In NEW YORK CITY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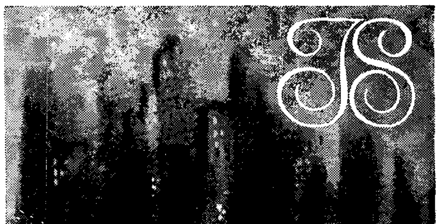

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to take his revenge on Lady Foxglove, but loneliness, fading looks, and increasing melancholia make the dusty prospect ahead. Beneath the comely flower he has found his own ugly, unloved Stoatdom. The novel ends symmetrically, as it began, with a good Christian death.

Since the comparison has been made for us, we may now ask ourselves if the book can really be described as "this decade's 'Vile Bodies,' " and the answer seems to be no. The fun is slower, even if the drip gadget is speedier. There is no reason for the description to be used. The champ is still the champ, and perhaps it would be a good thing if Auberon Waugh wrote his next book as Arthur Wagstaff. But a couple of thoughts occur. How fond we were of them all, we boys and girls of the old decade—of Lottie Crump, the drunk Major, Adam, Miss Runcible, even Lord Monomark! How impossible it is to be fond of anyone in "The Foxglove Saga" (except Brother Thomas, who departs from it early on)! Possibly this is an unfond decade. Then, it is a surprise to find that this twenty-two-year-old writer's book is so curiously uncontemporary. There are a certain number of class definitions (does the wife of a successful Nottingham dentist really wear hair curlers in the drawing room for a quiet evening in the home and say "Pleased to meet you" to a new acquaintance?), and we know we are in England because of the mention of Brighton, Paddington, the Queen, the Dorchester, and so on. But there is strangely little indication that Martin Foxglove, Stoat, and O'Connor are young Englishmen alive in the nineteen-sixties and no other decade, as Miss Runcible rides, rides, ever rides her mad motor race across the nineteen-twenties. Brilliant and firmly drawn as Cleeve and the hospital bits are, one has a feeling that if one sticks one's head out of a window at the Royal Bermondsey one may as easily see a hansom cab as a bus. With his sharp eye and his sharp pen, Mr. Waugh will surely fill the gaps in the landscape next time.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SMALL ROOM, by May Sarton (Norton). Miss Sarton's absorbing but somewhat chilly novel is concerned with the attempt of an intelligent and attractive young woman to commit herself, heart, soul, and body, to a lifetime of teaching female

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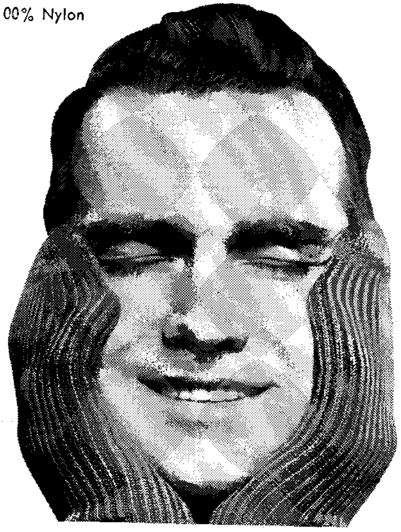

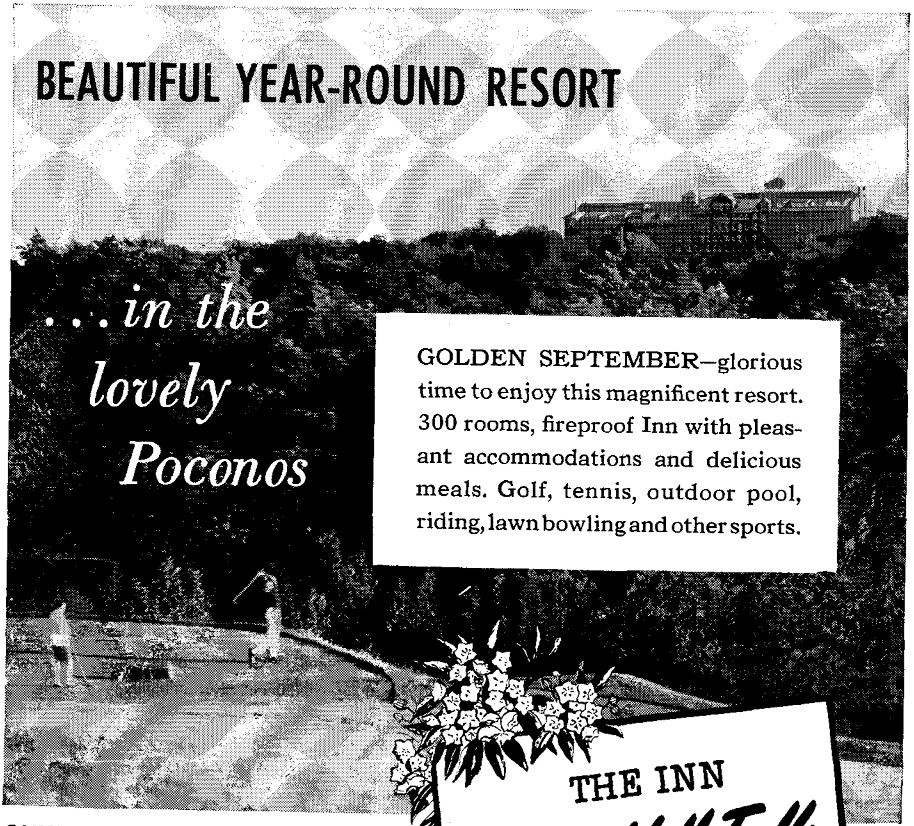

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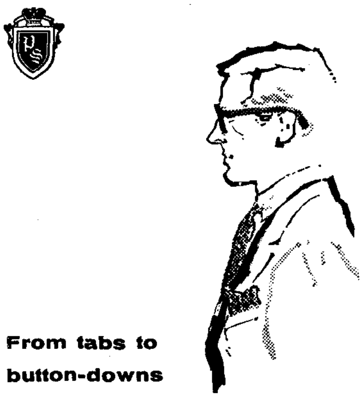

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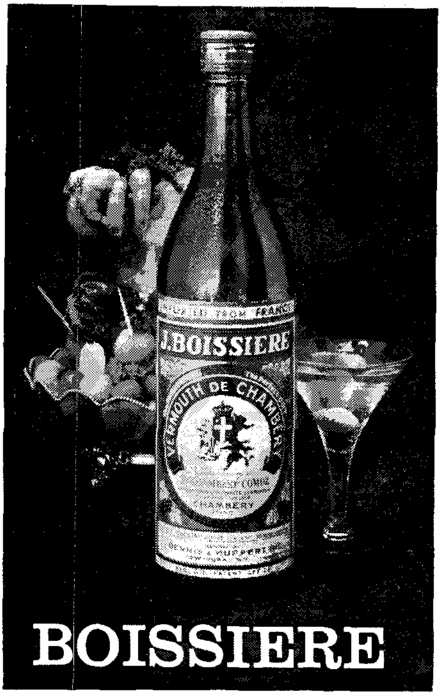
college students. The young woman, Lucy Winter, is seen embarking on her first year at Appleton, a small and excellent New England college. We are told that this is Lucy's initiation into the art and mystery of teaching, and we are also told that she has been driven to Appleton by the abrupt and painful termination of her engagement to a young doctor. The emotional and physical history of Lucy's engagement—which seems to represent her only love affair—is left disconcertingly vague, and this vagueness casts a shadow over the novel and weakens it, because how can we believe (as Miss Sarton wants us to believe) that Lucy is predestined to be a great teacher, and that she has no honest choice but must exist in solitude and burn herself out in the fires reserved for those who are martyred by their own genius or by their special facsimile of genius, when we know nothing about what went on between her and that young man? On the surface, which is all the reader sees, it would appear that Lucy, an unhappy, brilliant, frightened child of twenty-seven, has found at Appleton the safe retreat she longs for, and has found it peopled with clever older women, each of them alone and sensible and hard-working, and each with her particular justification for the monastic life to which she has bound herself. As a commentary on the position of the intelligent university-educated woman in the modern world, Miss Sarton's book is sad, but the sadness is kept in check by the sentimental air that hangs, faintly yet uneasily, over every encounter.

THE SUCCESSOR, by Seymour Epstein (Scribners). The realistic and depressing story of Ray Tolchin, a handsome, penniless, half-educated Brooklyn boy whose ambition, aggressiveness, and capacity for grabbing opportunity carry him without much delay to his goal, which is lots of money from his own sound, growing manufacturing company. Mr. Epstein is a gifted writer who limits himself solely to the contemplation of what is bleak and sordid in life. He writes economically, coldly, and always with an edge of bitterness, and while his message seems to be that money and success are not enough, and that even good will and kindness are not enough, he never comes to grips with the element that must, whether he recognizes it or not, bring moments of illumination and joy into the lives he examines with so much



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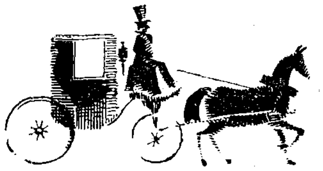

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JASON, by Henry Treece (Random House). Mr. Treece takes a magic name—Jason—and out of it spins a yarn that is long and full and authoritatively weighted with semi-historical facts and super-historical figures—Medea in dishabille, Creon smiling, and "Castor, tough old Castor the boxer," being sick on the floor. Mr. Treece covers his scholarly pretensions with an air of frivolity that is generally irritating, but his book is bland entertainment, causing neither laughter nor thought, since the world he shows here never existed—or might as well never have existed, for all the light or shadow it casts on our lives.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE FEATHER, by John Ashmead (Houghton Mifflin). This long first novel about the war in the Pacific has a lot to be said against it, but when it is good it is very good. Its hero is a split man in a tough spot. He loves Japan and the Japanese, knows the language perfectly, and has an exceptional grasp of the mental processes that underlie the language's nuances. This makes him a particularly useful man to Naval Intelligence; he is, in fact, specially equipped by his love to damage what he loves, and his duty calls on him to do just that. Mr. Ashmead describes his hero's fermenting inner war brilliantly and handles the details of his exterior service life with a great deal of skill; the fighting is convincing, the Intelligence work fascinating, and the comedy of service careerism really funny. There is, however, a juicy Hawaiian love affair that, after a modest beginning, gets to be a bigger thing than the war and gobbles up the last part of the book.

GENERAL

KIDNAP: THE STORY OF THE LINDBERGH CASE, by George Waller (Dial). It is doubtful whether even "the crime of the century," as the abduction and subsequent murder of the infant Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., on March 1, 1932, has come to be called, requires a study—a popular study—of this physical magnitude: nearly three hundred thousand words. To be sure, the crime and its aftermath of related crimes (four in all, including another kidnapping), along with the detective

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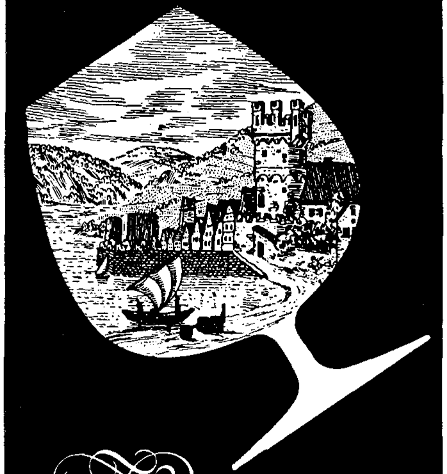

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work (notably the exertions of the wood technologist Arthur Koehler) that led to the arrest and conviction of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, form a pattern of infinite complexity, and one that cannot be adequately told in brief. But Mr. Waller writes like a man obsessed. He is unselective (almost the total existing documentation finds its way into his book), he is endlessly repetitive (his accounts of the investigation and of the trial are at many points identical), and, as if afraid that mere facts are not enough, he wallows in color and fanciful atmosphere. And yet the result, for all its enormous bulk, is curiously thin. It has no style, no unifying touch of inquiring mind or enlivening imagination. It is merely a mammoth report. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

HANNIBAL: ENEMY OF ROME, by Leonard Cottrell (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). A reconstruction of the Second Punic War (218-201 B.C.), with emphasis on the events of the first two years—Hannibal's artful crossing of the Alps and his stunning victories at Trebbia, Lake Trasimeno, and Cannae. It is based largely on four sources. Two of these are the classic, if sketchy, accounts by Livy and Polybius. Another is Sir Gavin R. De Beer's recent monograph "Alps and Elephants." The fourth, unfortunately, is Mr. Cottrell's vivid imagination. This last, to be sure, enables him to flesh the meagre bones of recorded fact and to tell a lively story ("Hannibal swings into the saddle, the firelight glinting on his helmet, and there is a subdued cheer as he leads the cavalcade away. . . . Only his hands, nervously twisting the idle reins, betray his feelings"), but it removes his book from the field of history and brings it dangerously close to that of fiction. Illustrated with photographs of monuments, probable battle sites, and ancient Roman and Carthaginian ruins, plus an end-paper map.

ARMS CONTROL, DISARMAMENT, AND NATIONAL SECURITY, edited by Donald G. Brennan (Braziller). A symposium of first-class American thinking about how to avoid nuclear war, the book being an enlargement of the remarkable autumn, 1960, issue of *Dædalus*, the journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The all-star cast of twenty-three authorities includes Robert R. Bowie, Herman Kahn, Henry A. Kissinger, Thomas C.

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Schelling, Louis B. Sohn, and Jerome B. Wiesner. Their pieces have been expanded and revised, and short critiques by four distinguished foreigners—Raymond Aron, Alastair Buchan, Jules Moch, and Philip Noel-Baker—have been added. Since the subjects were assigned in conformity with a sensible outline, the book has more organization than most anthologies—and any sort of unity is an achievement, considering how widely the experts disagree. Altogether a sparkling display.

WAR IN THE DESERT: AN R.A.F. FRONTIER CAMPAIGN, by Lieutenant-General Sir John Bagot Glubb (Norton). A history, enlivened by personal reminiscence, of a ten-year (1920-30) campaign to pacify the Arabian desert and stop the Bedouins from pursuing their savage pastimes of stock raiding and massacre. The pacifiers included the R.A.F., the newly established government of Iraq, and Abdul-Aziz ibn-Saud, King of Saudi Arabia. Sir John served the cause of law and order by helping tribes who wanted peace invent defensive tactics—an innovation among Arab nomads, who in the past had either attacked or fled. On occasion, Sir John led his students in battle. His book is valuable history and fascinating anthropology, and reads like a Middle Eastern Western.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, THE KING'S MINISTER, by J. H. Plumb (Houghton Mifflin). This is the middle section of a full-length biography of one of the most solidly efficient of England's Prime Ministers, covering the years between 1722 and 1734, when he was entrenched in office and at the height of his powers. Its author is among the most respected authorities in the field of eighteenth-century English political studies, and it is highly unlikely that anyone will ever write more informatively about the way Walpole managed his support and outmaneuvered the opposition in the various crises that his Ministry had to face. Since Walpole was the J. S. Bach of English parliamentarianism, the book will be full of fascination for buffs of the House of Commons, but since it is heavily written and very dense in texture, it will not give much pleasure to readers who aren't deeply committed to this rather specialized subject.

VIEWS OF A NEARSIGHTED CANNONEER, by Seymour Krim (Excelsior). Mr. Krim is an urban, middle-class, bespectacled, deraced Jew of thirty-

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nine who has made most of the expected scenes—the Village, Harlem, Yaddo, Bellevue. This book is an attempt to extract some sense from those experiences ("Not that I was queer, baby, but . . . I often felt as unreal as Kafka and neurotic as Proust and shaky as a leaf in the privacy of my own head"), and because he is not only perceptive but honest almost to the point of indecent exposure ("Above 110th St., I had a sense of *security* and well-being precisely because of my color. For the first time in my adult life I felt completely confident and masterful in my relationship to both sexes because society judged me the superior"), it is, on the whole, a successful one.

CHARLES READE: A STUDY IN VICTORIAN AUTHORSHIP, by Wayne Burns (Bookman). Reade led an extraordinarily interesting life, even as Victorian authors go—he got a scholarship at Oxford by packing the vote; he was at various times a herring fisherman, a violin dealer, and an art expert; he rescued a sane man who had been railroaded into a madhouse; his affairs with actresses were regularly broken up by his mother. Unfortunately, Reade's novels and plays are not as interesting as his life, and Professor Burns devotes a great many of his pages to examining them one by one, and to arguing that a novel called "Griffith Gaunt" is a major work. Illustrated.

•

ALL THIS AND ARTHUR KROCK, TOO

[*From a recent issue of the Times*]

San Salvador, capital of El Salvador, stands in the shadow of a volcano named San Salvador. After being dormant for 300 years, the volcano erupted in June, 1917, demolishing the city.

Vladimir Mayakovsky, a Russian poet and the chief spokesman in verse of the Soviet revolution, committed suicide in 1930.

Ovenbird is the name in North America for a bird of the wood warbler family whose nests resemble Dutch ovens.

Eric IX of Sweden, who forcibly converted Finland to Christianity, was murdered in 1160 by a Danish pagan. He became the patron saint of Sweden.

Vincent van Gogh, Dutch painter born in 1853, decided to become a painter only ten years before his death in 1890.

The rudd, a European and western and northern Asiatic fish weighing about three pounds, has been introduced into the United States, where it is known as the pearl roach.

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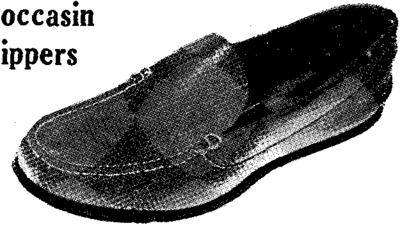

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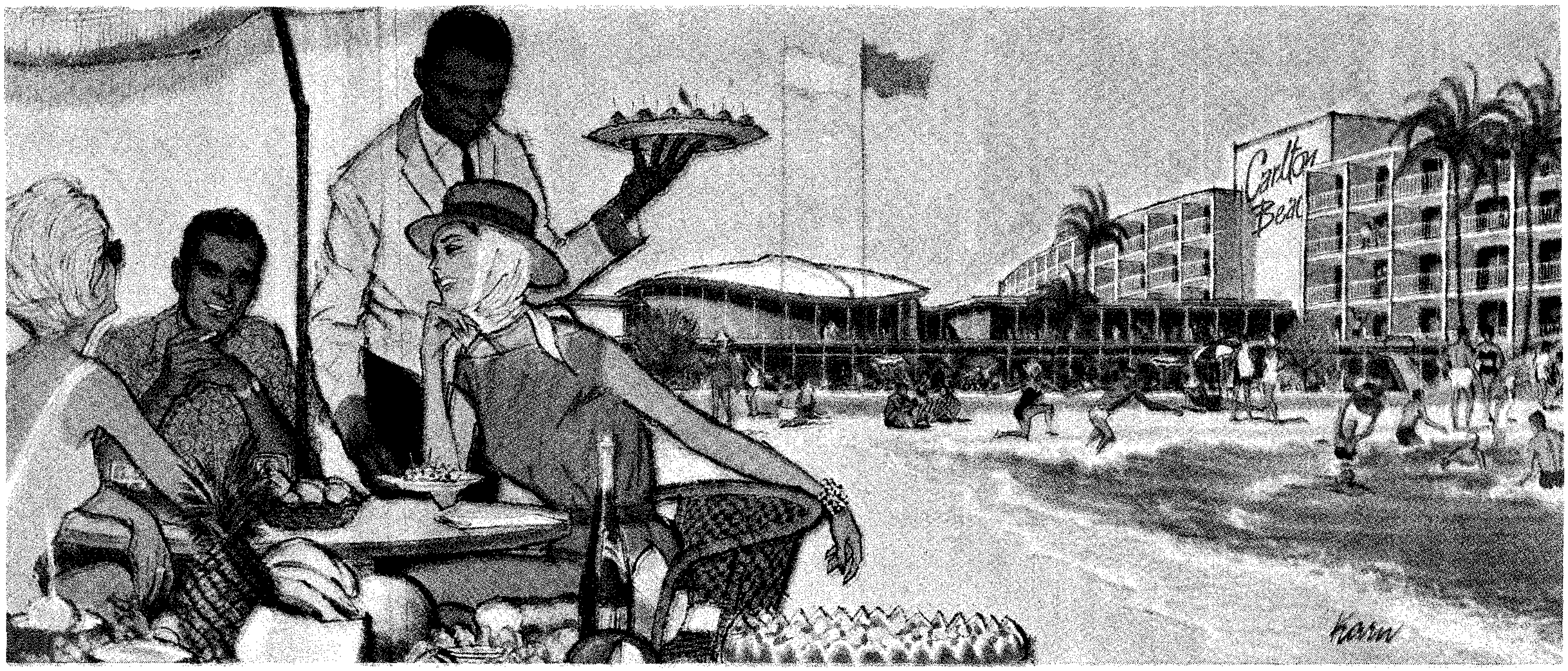

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